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No. 766
Friday
26 April '91

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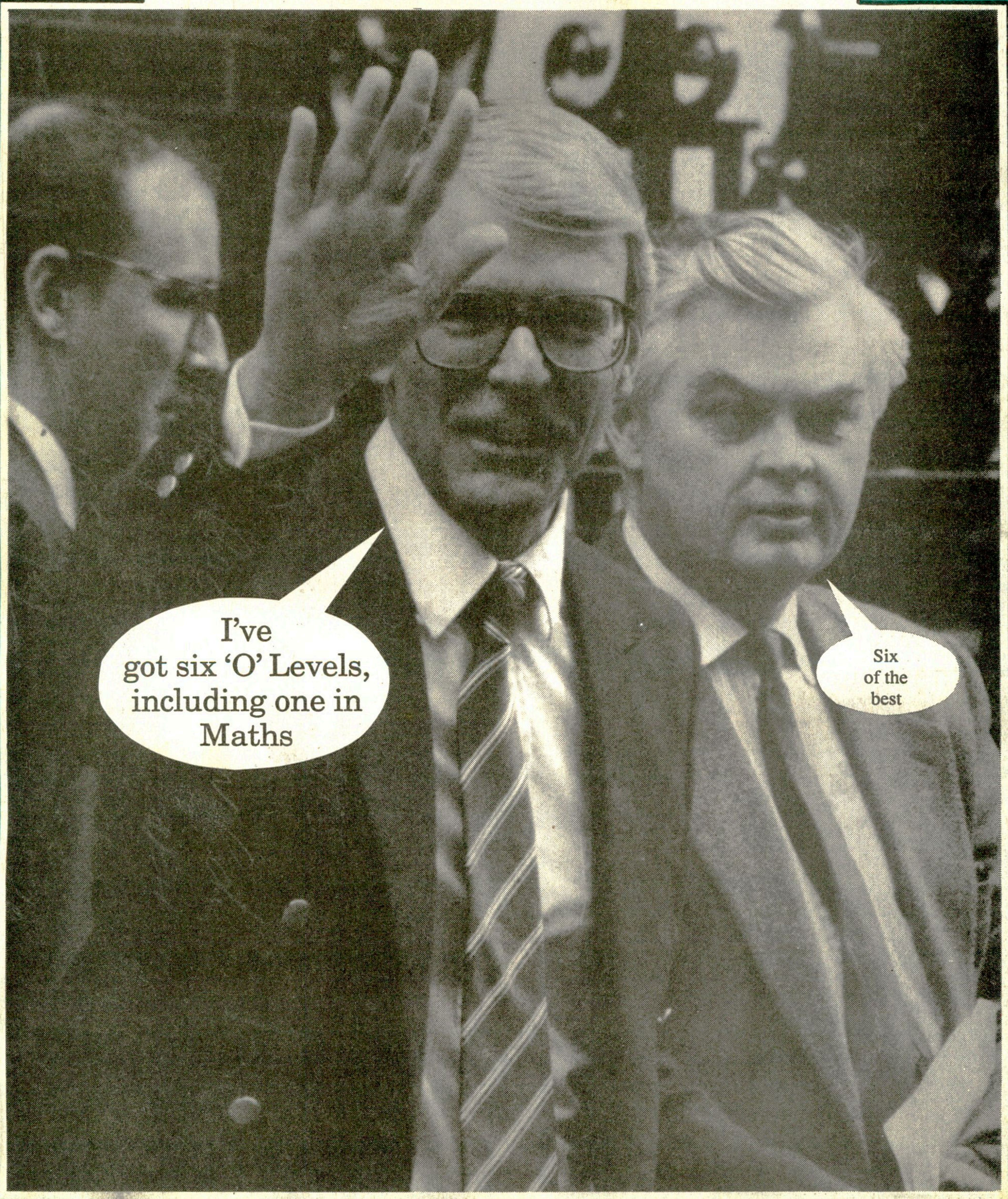

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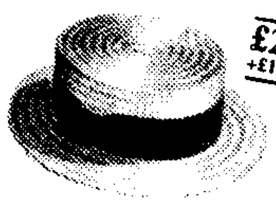

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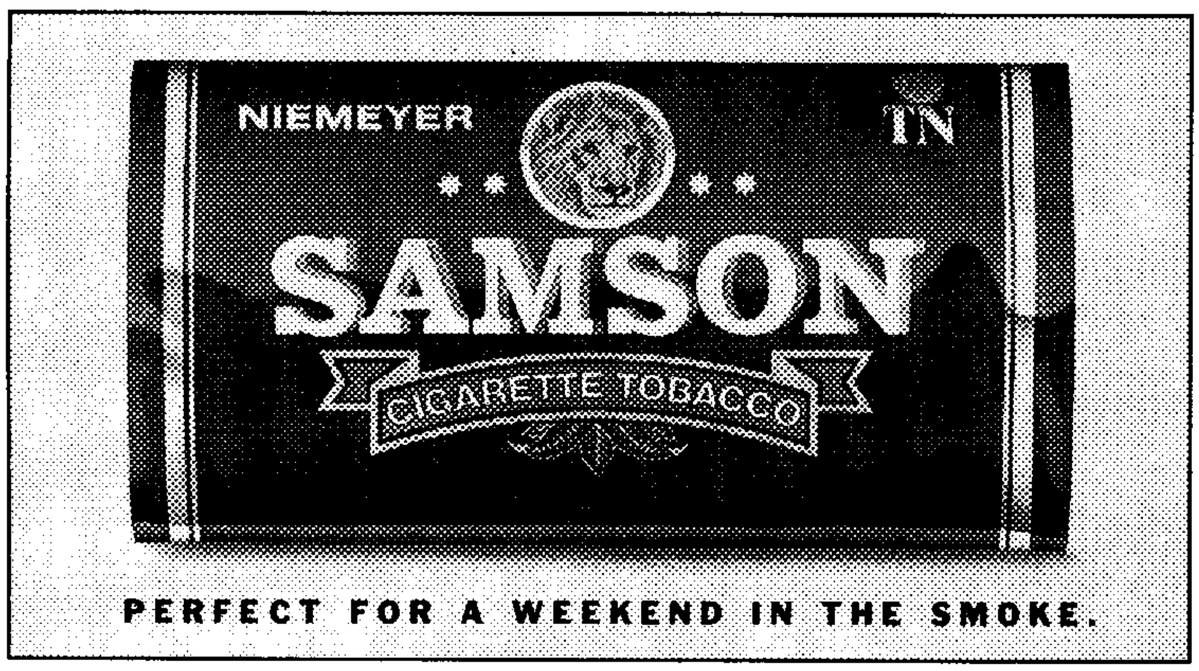

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A statement on behalf of Lord Gnome from Peter Carter-Fuck & Partners

MY CLIENT, Lord Gnome, has instructed me to make the following points absolutely clear after the recent spate of inaccurate and potentially lucrative *(Shurely 'libellous'? Ed)* stories in the popular press about him.

1. Lord Gnome has never met Ms Rita Chevrolet.
2. Ms Chevrolet is a highly respectable qualified masseuse with an Honours Degree in Applied Therapeutic Relief Massage from the University of Uganda.
3. She takes Access.
4. Ms Chevrolet entered into a purely business relationship with Lord Gnome through a well-known property agency, "Tartfinders" of Soho.
5. Ms Chevrolet is shortly to be changing her address from Gnome House, London to The Aulde Croft, The Outer Hebrides.
6. Lord Gnome has long been known for his devotion to the celibate life and was recently praised for his dedication to chastity by Mother Teresa of Calcutta.

Anyone who, therefore, prints anything at all about my client in any publication whatsoever is hereby warned that they face the immediate prospect of a writ for libel and the subsequent payment of massive fees *(Shurely 'damages'? Ed)*.

Peter Farter-Cuck
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COLOUR SECTION

WHILE our boys in the Gulf clear up the explosive detritus that litters Kuwait, risk-taking investors with shares in British Aerospace must be sweating as they await news of their dividends.

For a highly unusual contract, said to be worth hundreds of millions of pounds, is soon to be signed between Royal Ordnance, the British Aerospace subsidiary, and the Kuwaiti government. And the contract — to clear allied bombs and Iraqi mines from the homeland of the Palestinian-loving Kuwaitis, is very risky indeed.

Luckily for BAe shareholders, all the risks are being taken by the 21st Squadron of the Royal Engineers, whose 150-man unit in Kuwait has been subcontracted by Royal Ordnance to carry out the early stages of this highly dangerous work.

According to a Ministry of Defence spokesman, the squaddies will be paid normal rates plus special allowances for the dirty work; he was unable to say whether the extra cash would be in addition to that already paid under existing agreements.

The spokesman said discussions were continuing about the joint venture and were commercially confidential. He could not comment on the suggestion that a private company was securing a very lucrative contract and using "cheap" and efficient army personnel to secure it. Nor was he able to comment on why Royal Ordnance and its parent should be able to cream off the profits from highly dangerous work done by British servicemen.

HAVING emerged victorious from the Gulf War, political hype merchants GJW are forging a continuous link with the Kuwaiti royal family, easily their most lucrative client.

The brief currently under discussion includes three main items:

- How important it is that Saddam Hussein's regime should be replaced by something equally er... strong.
- How unfair it is that Kuwaitis are being depicted indulging in their new national sport of Palestinian-lynching.
- How very democratic Kuwait now is and how there is no need for any *more* change there or in any neighbouring state.

Assuming GJW can produce convincing strategies for these three objectives, their peace dividend should be even more profitable than winning the war.

IT IS STRANGE indeed that the US has been so slow to help the beleaguered Kurds when it has been so swift elsewhere to intervene to protect the Saudis over their Kuwaiti-style "interviewing" techniques.

These techniques were meted out to an American citizen, one Scott Nelson, who was working in a hospital in Riyadh. When he discovered leaking oxygen valves he reported his find to the authorities and their reaction was swift. For his temerity, he claims, the Saudis trussed him up and smashed in his knees.

All this happened back in 1984. Released after five and a half weeks Nelson was deported to the US where he followed the American Way and sued the Saudi government. After the usual prolonged litigation, the appeals court decided he could indeed sue the Saudis in an American court.

This was was embarrassing for the Saudi government, but luckily for the Saudis the White House is unembarrassable. Following approaches from the Saudi embassy, the State Department joined the case and claimed that the decision should be reversed because an important national interest was involved — not apparently the constitutional provision against cruel and unusual punishment!

● *More on Kuwait – see page 13.*

IT IS CLEARLY time for the men in white coats to visit the Wapping offices of the *Sunday Times* and transport the legal director Alistair Brett and his editor Andrew Neill to safer surroundings.

Neither man is capable of accepting their defeat in the courts by Carmen Proetta, the witness in the Gibraltar shootings in 1988 who has been consistently smeared ever since by MI5 and by all those newspapers who take their stories from MI5.

After apologising to her and paying £25,000 a few weeks ago, the *Sunday Times* returned to the fray on 21 April claiming on its front page that Gibraltar barrister Christopher Finch, who worked for Thames TV during the making of the programme *Death On The Rock*, has "criticised" the programme and Carmen Proetta.

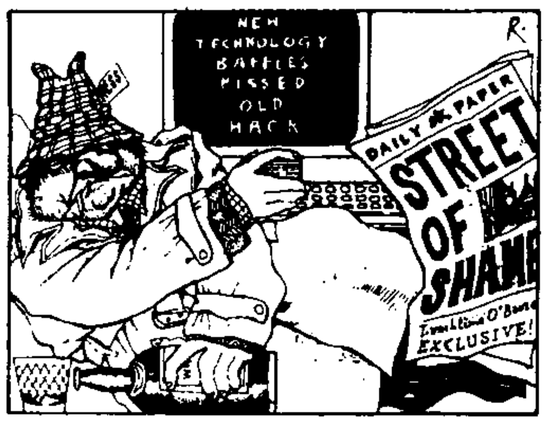
Finch is furious about the article. He has always supported Carmen Proetta's evidence and still does so. The *Sunday Times* allegation that he advised Thames TV not to use a statement from bank clerk Kenneth Asquez is completely untrue.

Not content with its non-story on the front page, the *Sunday Times* wrote a 14-page memo to Channel 4 demanding that *Death On The Rock* should not be shown again. The programme won two awards and was completely cleared of all journalistic impropriety in the Windlesham inquiry.

Perhaps Lord Windlesham or someone like him should now discuss the ethics of paying convicted criminals for evidence in libel actions, as Alistair Brett has done, with his editor's permission. As so often, the rotten journalism in this case comes not from the accused but from the accuser — not from Thames TV but from the *Sunday Times*.

● *Grovel Smear Special – page 8.*

"For the last time – how big is your bathroom?"



THE ever-litigious Duncan "Dunky" Campbell is now on the receiving end of a writ for once: he is being sued for libel by athlete Christopher Brasher over an article he wrote in the *New Statesman* last June on Brasher's involvement in the London Marathon.

Dunky and his "researcher", Alex Holmes, are helping the *Statesman's* lawyers prepare a defence. But at a price: for each day that he does any work on the Brasher case, Dunky charges the *Staggers* £90 for himself plus £50 for Holmes.

Since the *Statesman* is desperately short of money, the chairman of the magazine's board will presumably be horrified to see one of its hacks denuding the company of funds at this critical stage in its fight for life. And who is the chairman of the *New Statesman* board? Why, Duncan "Dunky" Campbell.

PS: The lot of Dunky's researcher is an exhausting one to judge by the pages of instructions left for the hapless Holmes every morning. One typical daily briefing, picked up by a passer-by in the *Statesman* office the other day, runs to four pages: it includes a long list of people for Holmes to ring, files to be studied, equipment to be bought, bank managers to be dealt with etc, etc.

There is even a section headed "Car", in which Campbell instructs his researcher as follows: "Offside front tyre to be replaced; check choke lever operation and overhaul; engine requires too much choke at and after normal starting. Please check the tuning. Check internal mirror..."

Is this what Dunky means by investigative journalism?

CRAIG "Bouncing Bog-Brush" Mackenzie, the *Daily Express* features supremo who is notorious for savaging his female staff, has now turned his wrath upon the queen of them all, Jean Rook.

La Rook was infuriated when a Chaucerian phrase in her copy — "parfit, gentle knight" — was changed by a features sub-editor who replaced the first adjective with "perfect". There followed heated exchanges between Bog-Brush and Rook, both of whom fired off ill-tempered memos to the paper's editor, Sir Nick Lloyd.

This was a heaven-sent opportunity for one of Mackenzie's henchmen, Steve Martin, who is a keen student of the Bog-Brush's East End barrow-boy style and loves castigating his underlings. "The overall ability and performance of the subs have been defended in several memos in muscular fashion by the Features Editor", he wrote in a furious message to his staff. "But he makes the equally muscular point that Rook, in this particular instance, was right to complain. And *he* is right."

In future, he added, there will be "a great effort to raise the standards of subbing even higher in features" as well as "treating our highly-paid columnists with a bit more sensitivity".

Since neither Martin nor Bog-Brush has an ounce of sensitivity in his body, it will be interesting to see how this instruction is carried out.

IN THE LAST *Eye* we revealed that ex-*Sunday Getsworse* editor and John Major lookalike Robin "Moron" Morgan had been seen plotting with hippy tycoon Bernard Clark, owner of Channel 4's *Hard News* and London listings mag *City Limits*.

The purpose of their talks became clear last Tuesday, when Moron turned up at the offices of *City Limits*. The editor for the past couple of months, Andy Lavender, told amazed hacks that Moron was now in charge.

Why would a magazine that is read mainly by social workers and radical lesbian animal rights activists want as its editor a man who has spent the past few months denouncing such people in the columns of the *Sunday Express*? "Bernard Clark", one *CL* hack explained, "is desperate to get some celebrities in the paper."

Whether Morgan counts as a celebrity may be a moot point, but he is probably more famous than Clark's previous "star" recruit. In January a hackette called Emma Norman was hired to produce a four-page "video supplement" every week, Clark's fond hope being that readers would realise she was the daughter of TV's toupéed film-pundit Barry Norman. Unfortunately he never had a chance to find out: her copy for the first "supplement" was so bad that the magazine had to ditch it and cancel her contract. Clark later admitted that "it wasn't one of my better ideas".

Will Morgan be an even worse idea? He is entirely out of sympathy with everything that *City Limits* stands for: it was he, lest we forget, who masterminded the *Sunset Times's* notorious coverage of the Gibraltar shootings before taking refuge at the *Getsworse*.

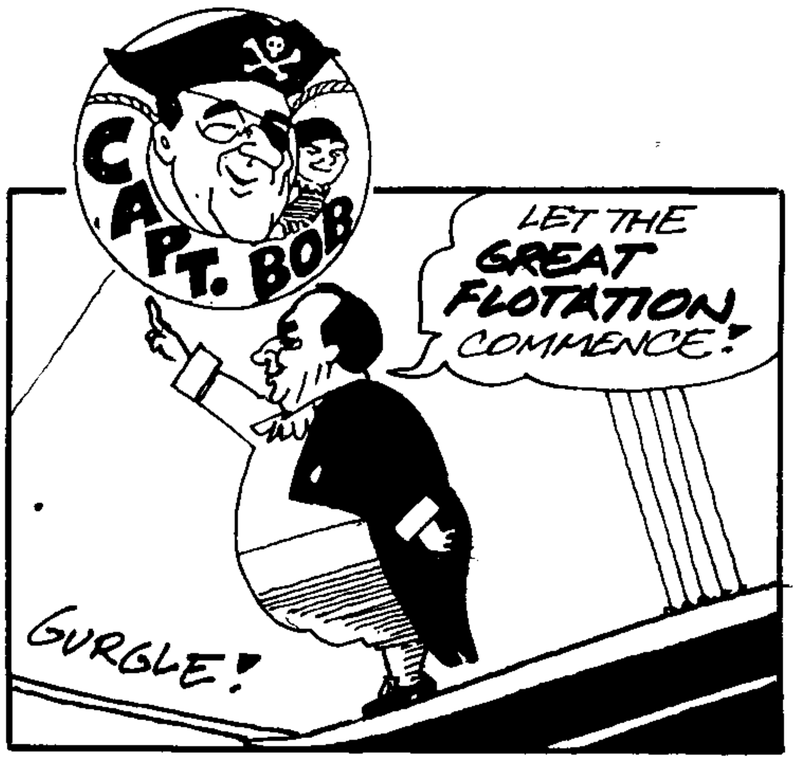
Hackettes at *CL* should be warned that he is also an indefatigable sex maniac. "I hope I get sent abroad on a story with you," he once leered at a female colleague. "Then we can have sex on the plane and I can join the mile-high club!" Another hackette grew so weary of his constant chat-ups ("I'm going to take you out to lunch and then we'll go to a hotel for the afternoon and I'll give you the best fuck you've ever had") that she called his bluff. She turned up at work one day in a micro-skirt, fishnet stockings and stilettos. "OK Robin," she purred, sashaying over to his desk shortly before lunchtime. "I've booked a hotel for the afternoon. This is it, big boy." The wretched Moron let out a squeak of panic and fled. He remained in hiding for the rest of the day.

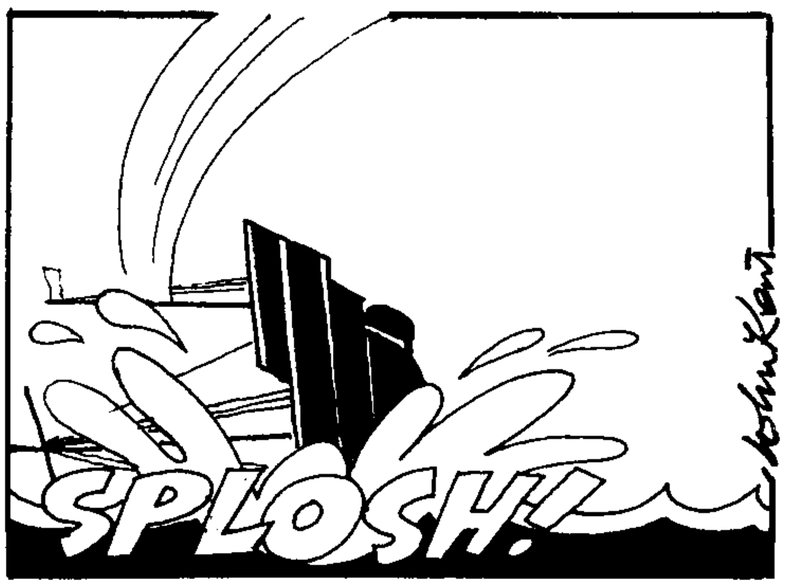
FREELOADING hacks on a recent junket to Sweden sponsored by UK Nirex, the radioactive waste people, hope that Nirex is more profficient at handling hazardous substances than its senior press officer, Peter Curd.

Having imbibed freely on an evening boat trip towards the end of the three-day beano, Curd decided to take further samples from the hotel bar before retiring for the night.

So thorough was his investigation that he later fell and knocked himself out in the shower. In doing so, he contrived to spreadeagle himself over his lavatory in such a way as to seriously injure his back.

The first his party of charges knew of the incident was when he was brought in a wheelchair from hospital on to the plane in Stockholm for the return flight home. Another was waiting to carry him off at Heathrow.





PUKKA financial hack Christopher Fildes has been waxing rhapsodic about the virtues of Nigel Lawson, the former chancellor.

"I stand astounded at Mr Lawson's moderation," he wrote in the *Spectator* on 13 April. Conspiracy theorists had suggested that Lawson's recent attack on John Major ("To govern is to choose") had cost him his directorship of Barclays de Zoete Wedd, as the other directors didn't want to offend the government. But Fildes knew better.

"On the contrary: it was Mr Lawson who had become restive. At BZW, he was in constant demand to top the bill at conference and panel sessions, to lend lustre to luncheons, to impress visiting dignitaries — or to go and visit them. He did all this manfully, but it was a greeter's job, and he is more of a bouncer. He remains a formidable director of Barclays."

All this must have pleased Fildes's editor at the *Spectacularlyboring* — Nigel Lawson's son, Dominic.

MICHAEL Thompson-Noel, racing correspondent of the *Financial Times*, has in the past year regularly treated his readers to the thoughts of a man called Jack Hillbrooke.

On the eve of the Derby last June, for instance, Thompson-Noel printed a long interview with genial Jack, "the silver-haired chairman of Hillbrooke's the bookmakers", who offered his opinions (mostly unflattering) on the Epsom runners. Hillbrooke was said to run a huge empire that included betting shops, hotels, airlines, gold mines, timber, shipping and property. "Jack Hillbrooke is the 17th richest man in Britain", Thompson-Noel reported. "I am the only journalist he ever sees. He cannot stand the rest. He enjoys my jokes."

Two months later, under the headline "The Intimate Thoughts of Chairman Jack", Thompson-Noel wrote another half-page feature about Hillbrooke. "I was leaving Goodwood recently," he began, "when the chairman's black-and-gold Bentley drew to a halt beside me and the electric window sighed down. It is magnificent, that Bentley, a wonderfully fitting conveyance for the legendary Jack Hillbrooke."

One reader who was impressed by these reports was the *FT*'s chief executive, David Palmer. "This Hillbrooke character sounds absolutely fascinating, Michael," he told Thompson-Noel when he bumped into him at the office recently. "Do you think I could meet him?"

Poor Thompson-Noel couldn't bring himself to admit the awful truth, which must have been obvious to every *FT* reader but not, apparently, to the chief executive: that the legendary Jack Hillbrooke — not to mention his betting empire and his Bentley — was a figment of the wretched hack's imagination.

THE "RESIGNATION" of Barbara Jones as chief reporter of the *Mail on Sunday* is hardly a surprise: she has for some time pursued an independent and lucrative career selling stories to other newspapers, often using third parties.

This imaginative form of revenue gathering is often frowned upon by editors who like to think their staff work for them exclusively. It is possibly because La Jones' talents are so very wide-ranging that the *Mail on Sunday* has overlooked her transgressions for so long.

What the *Mail on Sunday* has not overlooked, however, is being taken to the cleaners for nearly £10,000 by a conman over a non-existent royal scoop (see last *Eye*). Indeed, Inspector Knacker of Kensington will be calling on various parties this week, no doubt with a view to feeling the collars of some.

Coincidenctally, the "story" was handled at the *MoS* by Barbara Jones. From now on she will have her hands full with Peter Sutcliffe: it has been suggested that her tacky book on the Ripper will be published in time for Christmas.

A YOUNG woman (who understandably wishes to remain nameless) is telling the story of a romantic evening she spent in the company of *Sunset Times* editor Andrew "Brillo Pad" Neill.

She gives an extraordinary example of the Wapping lothario's small talk. "Put your hand on my big thing, babe," he said to her at one point in the evening.

Presumably the "big thing" in question is the bulging, soaraway *Sunset Times*.

DOWN IN Winchester a group of very right-wing Tories are chanting a variation of an old theme: that John Browne's soul may be a mouldin' in the grave but his body goes marching on.

Last year, after a public mauling in the House of Commons for not declaring all his business interests, the Tory MP for Winchester wrote a letter to his constituency announcing his intention not to stand at the next election.

Winchester Tories duly selected a replacement for Browne, former Scottish MP and *Sunday Times* hack Gerry Malone, and breathed a sigh of relief that the whole unpleasant business was now over. Not so, however. Mr Browne has now let it be known that he wrote his letter in haste, without fully appreciating the overwhelming and astonishing public support which exists for him in the constituency.

There is no doubt Browne does have a remarkable following among sections of Winchester Tories. A surprising number of letters have been published in the *Hampshire Chronicle* referring in not altogether flattering terms to the fact that Gerry Malone is not only a Catholic, but also Scottish.

A redoubtable councillor called Feek has gathered round him a formidable group of angry right-wingers who argue that Browne was elected by all the people of Winchester in 1987 and should be allowed to stay as MP. At a recent annual general meeting of the Winchester Tory Association, attended by the calm but surprised Mr and Mrs Malone, it was formally moved that the decision to reselect someone else be rescinded, and that Mr Browne be reinstated as the official Tory candidate. The motion was defeated by 207 votes to 106, but the support for it was so big that Mr Browne was asked to assure the meeting that he would not stand in the general election as an independent. He refused.

Among those who will miss Mr Browne's talents in the House of Commons will be the family of the former dictator of Nicaragua, President Somoza, whose son was once taken by Browne to The Trooping of the Colour. Browne's association with the opposition to the Sandanista regime in Nicaragua was greatly appreciated by President Reagan who once entertained the dashing Tory MP in the White House.

STOOGES who keep the natives under control in Roy Hattersley's Birmingham Sparkbrook Labour Party are increasingly worried as details of their decades of manipulation of the rule book start to emerge.

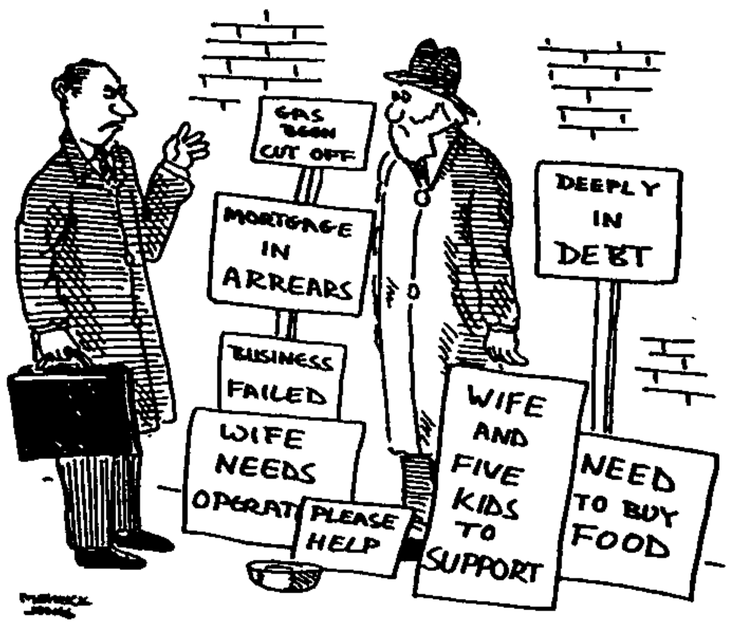
Unions like the GMB, Apex and the EETPU electricians' union have always over-declared their constituency membership. This gives them a huge proportion of seats on the general committee which chooses candidates, like their pal Fattersley.

That was until recently. Now party member John Kay has blown the gaff and set the whole power structure in Sparkbrook a-wobbling. He wrote to Labour's West Midlands regional organiser, Fraser Kemp, pointing out that the EETPU had so many delegates that almost every voter in Sparkbrook would have to be an electrician.

Kemp was well aware of how the ruse had been blown in neighbouring Small Heath (see *Eyes passim*) where a court case is pending over Roger Godsiff's victory as prospective MP thanks to the union vote. The word duly went out and — lo and behold — the latest list of union delegates to the Sparkbrook general committee has lost almost all its EETPU delegates.

This means Fattersley can no longer rely on his union pals to keep him out of trouble with his mostly Asian party members. Sparkbrook is also the constituency of Sir Richard Knowles, the wily leader of the Labour group running Birmingham City Council. He too is said to be thoroughly displeased.

But both men will undoubtedly be consoled by the knowledge that their constituency is closer to being constitutionally run than at almost any other time in the last 20 years.



"You're talking yourself into a recession"

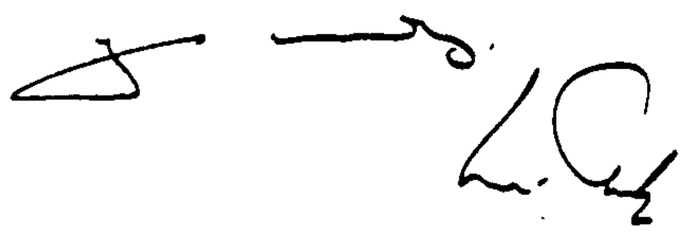
KEN CLARKE, roly-poly education secretary, is a man with a mission.

As health secretary he helped shape the current NHS shake-up which has been so successful no one — not doctors, nurses or patients — is in favour of it.

Now he has been let loose on the nation's schoolchildren and is trying to implement a national curriculum. His department has sent out pious "statements of attainment" and, for those who can read, the rules on handwriting are especially interesting.

At "level one" children should "begin to form letters with some control over the size, shape and orientation of letters or lines of writing". By level two they should produce letters that are recognisably formed; and finally they should aim to "produce clear and legible joined-up writing".

But to expect the secretary of state for education (Nottingham High School; Gonville and Caius, Cambridge) to know how to do joined-up writing is asking too much judging by the following scrawl. (For those who can't read, it says: "Yours sincerely Kenneth Clarke):



KENNETH CLARKE

WITH THE odds growing that Labour will occupy the government benches in the Commons after the next election, what are the prospects for the House of Lords after Cledwyn Hughes, the current Labour leader there, retires?

Labour could do worse than invite its distinguished former MP for Buckingham (1964 to 1970) to return to active politics.

Today Robert Maxwell boasts that the Labour Party is wholly in tune with his own political views. And now that he has handed over management of his MCC publishing empire to son Kevin and Peter Walker he must have more time on his hands.

Given that Maxwell is likely to be asked to stump up at least a quarter of the cost of Labour's election campaign, as well as guaranteeing the support of his newspapers, a Viscount Maxwell, life peer, would cut a dashing figure indeed as the successor to Cledwyn.

But, as the *Eye* knows to its cost, Mr Maxwell would turn down such an offer since his support is only given for the public good. This is a shame given the shortage of charismatic Labour talent in the sea of torpor that is the House of Lords.

Maxwell would certainly have as strong a chance as Merlyn Rees, the wholly boring favourite to succeed Hughes, but, like Maxwell, Rees has yet to be ennobled. Otherwise the competition is pisspoor. It includes two fairly vocal but distinctly unexciting lords, Charles "Ansbacher" Williams, the deputy Labour leader, and Bernard Donoughue.

Both are on Cap'n Bob's payroll. Williams has been working hard on the *Mirror* share float while Donoughue, in return for an almost equally high salary, runs Maxwell's investment "vehicle", London and Bishopsgate International Investment Holdings.

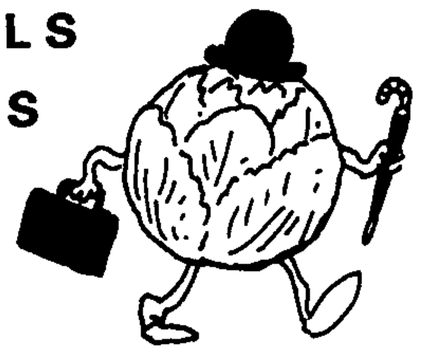
DEFENCE minister Archie Hamilton has resorted to truth economy in replying to awkward questions about the likelihood of one of Britain's nuclear warheads going off accidentally — for example in a fire or road accident.

He told John McFall, Labour MP for Dumbarton, that all UK warhead designs had undergone "a comprehensive series of trials and assessments, encompassing normal and *credible abnormal* environments" before they were introduced into service, and that their safety was also subject to continuous review by "routine examination and sophisticated modelling".

In fact Hamilton knows only too well that the latest computer modelling techniques — which work in three dimensions — have shattered the smug assumption that the chance of a nuclear explosion in any weapons accident was infintessimally small. A recent congressional report in the US on nuclear weapons safety said such modelling had shown that "unintended nuclear detonations present a greater risk than previously estimated".

'Backbiter'

BRUSSELS SPROUTS



MENTAL illness must be contagious judging by the European Commission's behaviour over the scandal of Leros, the isolated Aegean isle where Greece has been locking up mental patients in shameful squalor for more than 30 years.

When the scandal emerged, Greece forgot its anti-European rhetoric and went cap in hand to the commission for money. Now the Court of Auditors, the Euro watchdog, has severely criticised the commission for throwing cash at the problem — and achieving precisely nothing for the desperate, forgotten inmates.

Leros, once a base for the Greek navy, is 200 miles from the Greek mainland and just 50 miles off the Turkish coast. Its luckless patients wander round the island like stray dogs and are the main source of income for the island's 7,000 inhabitants, 900 of whom are employed by the mental institution.

The inmates are housed in disused barracks without proper sanitation, are "treated" by unqualified locals and never receive visitors.

To ward off international criticism Greece, a member of the EC since 1981, applied for aid and was awarded funds of 265 million drachmas, about £1.5 million — perhaps not huge by EC standards, but a lot of money on a dirt-poor island in the middle of nowhere. The funds were supposed to be used to set up training programmes for staff and to improve facilities. The hope was to rehabilitate patients and, with luck, reduce their numbers within two years. Five years passed and it became clear no one was being trained and the number of patients was only reduced when one of them died.

The Eurocrats reacted by extending deadlines and continuing to replenish funds. They were of course too busy to check with the Greek government whether any of the works had been completed or, indeed, to inspect anything on the island.

Random checks by the Court of Auditors, however, brought the mismanaged affair to light in 1989. Their investigations revealed that a lot of money had been spent with no benefit whatsoever to Leros's patients.

The first response of the commission to the criticism was simply to admit most of it and then to cancel the balance of the original aid due to be paid to Greece for the projects. Next it declared that it would "reconsider the situation in the light of the assessment... by experts... due in 1991" with more rigorous on-site inspections of project activity.

The third response was to initiate discussions about aid for the new programme put forward by the Greek government — a programme that would try to resolve all the same old problems but at a new price: a cool 1,100 million drachmas, around £5.7 million.

Perhaps the best and cheapest solution would be for the loonies of Leros and the loonies of Brussels to swap places.

Grovel

I AM greatly amused by the pitiful attempts of crazed right-wingers in the "Bring Back Thatch" brigade to smear leading members of John Major's administration and even to sully the name of the prime minister himself.

Their latest effort has been the non-event sex "scandal" involving chancellor Norman Lamont. The only interesting fact here is that rumours that one or even two Treasury ministers were about to be "fingered" by the gutter press began circulating in the parliamentary lobby a full two months ago.

Even more curious, I can reveal, is the that the broad outline of the Sara Dale bondage-in-the-basement story was doing the rounds two or three weeks **before** the dear lady even moved her whips and manacles into Lamont's Notting Hill home.

And there are other curiosities concerning strict corrective therapist Ms Dale, aka Geraldine Roefs, who even had the cheek to give my bankers, Coutts, as a reference. For it seems Ms Dale and her submissive minder David Missen had no difficulty whatsoever in granting hacks interviews. Indeed, it has even been observed that the couple had rehearsed their roles very well.

Meanwhile David Mellor, chief secretary to the Treasury, also fell foul of the smear-mongerers. Idiot hacks from the *Daily Star* have been ringing around making fatuous allegations about him and claiming that the source of much of their material springs from among Mrs Thatcher's supporters in the party. But easily the daftest claims have been made about the prime minister and the sultry "woman in grey" — his non-existent mistress.

This concoction has been bubbling away for months and I have been approached many times with many different versions. Some, like Neil Kinnock's sinister PR man Philip Gould and Frank Johnson and his cronies at the *Sunday Torygraph*, are desperate for me to reveal her identity.

Originally it was alleged that Major's mistress lived in Streatham; then she was supposed to be a councillor in Lambeth; then a black councillor in Brixton. When I repeated this last version to a prominent Asian left-winger, he keenly contradicted me and asserted that Major's fancy woman was an Asian seamstress.

Other seemingly respectable figures on both sides of the political spectrum have been coming up with even more absurd suggestions. Julian Evans, literary editor of *Esquire*, assures me that Major has been having an affair with Justin Fashanu, the gay black footballer. As if this suggestion were not ridiculous enough, I bump into Lord Annan who tells me that he has been vouchsafed the name of Major's mistress. He consults his filofax and comes up with the name of Belinda Harley. Noel Annan had not heard of Ms Harley, a lady who handles the PR for *Vanity Fair* and promotes the books of senior politicians, and I assure him he is mistaken.

The whole thing is of course a crude conspiracy cooked up by the far right and its cronies in MI5, just like their attempt to smear Leon Brittan a few years back.

But Mr Major must watch his back, for the biggest threat to him comes not from the bellicose boyo on the benches opposite, but from Mrs Thatcher supporters in Fleet Street. Johnson in the *Telegraph* and Derek Hill of the *Daily Express* seem to nurture the belief that a spell in opposition would do the Tories no harm at all. They seem to think this spell in oblivion would purge the party of its new centrist philosophy — and of those who espouse such heresy.

While Mrs Thatcher's legacy remains in Fleet Street (she ennobled and knighted more publishers and hacks than any other prime minister), smears on the Major team will continue as the crude alliance of loony right-wing hacks and has-been politicos see their political ace slip from them.

Pseuds Corner

Madonna's videos contain complex intercultural critiques. When she grabs her crutch on stage, the social order is effectively transgressed.

PROF. CHIP WELLS
A Post-modern reading of Madonna Videos

He [Graham Greene] did not mind dying. He had no fear, which is a mystery to those of us who are lapsed Catholics. He looked forward to crossing his last frontier. His biographer in contrast looks upon death as a metaphysical scandal, an extra-terrestrial Saddam Hussein whose great hands close down on life everywhere, hands which never cease their obscene game. He is gone. But believers and non-believers, those who have loved his novels over 60 years, let me call you like the faithful to look up in the sky. If there be a star, it will be he.

NORMAN SHERRY
Guardian

This hole [12th at Augusta] fulfils, in excelsis, the classic requirement of a great hole: that great players start worrying about it long before they get there. If a golf hole had a gender, the 12th would be a capricious bitch, flaunting herself with feigned innocence but prepared, on a whim, to embrace you or spit coldly in your eye.

DAVID DAVIES
Guardian

I had a strong personal affection for Jorge Luis Borges. This, I think, was reciprocated and reinforced by the fact that we both had the same surname. At a party in the Argentine Embassy in Washington DC, when he was dogged by spies listening for words of disaffection, he and I spoke in Anglo-Saxon. This baffled completely the polyglot agents of a repressive state: it was very Borgesian.

ANTHONY BURGESS
A Dictionary of Borges

The Doors helped tune me into certain parts of my acid trips, which were different from the effect of listening to Jimi Hendrix. With Jimi, a fluttering sustain in his guitar would cause tumbling water, colours to fall from the sky. The Doors, because of their keyboards principally, created little gnomes and dwarfs and strange faces. It would put you in a strange mood, a reflective mood.

ERIC BURDON
Independent

Dr John Street of the School of Economic and Political Studies, University of East Anglia has been given a Leverhulme grant to study "Local authority policy on popular music in East Anglia".

Times Higher Education Supplement

For Marilyn Butler, the "corporate author" of Blake's texts is the urban sub-class which emerged through its opposition to Britain's national policy in the 1790s. He needs to be placed within that social group and its distinctive Bible-based culture, a culture that has largely disappeared in England. It is therefore appropriate that his vision should live on in the songs of the great Ulster rock mucisian, Van Morrison. Only a social and cultural historian could interpret this visionary conjunction.

TOM PAULIN
Independent on Sunday

CONTRIBUTORS: Stuart Harris, Gillian Rathbone, Chris Fife-Schaw, Chris Ackerley, Azriel Bermant, Jon Watkins, Keith Flett.

£10 paid for entries

EVER SINCE he turned up at a recent Foyle's lunch in a wheelchair, friends have been inquiring anxiously after the health of Sir Kingsley Amis.

There were more murmurs of concern last week when Sir Kingers hobbled into the London Library on a walking stick, looking impressively lame, to have his picture taken for the *Telegraph* magazine.

After the photo session, however, a miracle occurred. Limping into St James's Square, he noticed that the only available cab was about to be hailed by royal biographer Philip Ziegler. "Hi! Taxi!" cried the old curmudgeon as — with an Olympic-standard turn of speed — he sprinted past the astonished Ziegler and leapt into the waiting vehicle.

I AM GLAD to see an impoverished childhood spent living in an old bucket has not blunted Michael Meacher's appreciation of What Really Matters in life. I am referring, of course, to lunch.

At the hugely expensive top people's eaterie Rules, I spy the Labour MP for Oldham West's dapper figure springing from a taxi and darting into the downstairs room. But I cannot help recalling poor Michael's youth, so graphically detailed in his touching high court libel action against the *Observer's* Alan Watneys.

At Rules Michael is confronted by a table of plenty and has to choose from such rich men's fare as pheasant, quail, venison, smoked salmon and vintage champagne. This is all a very, very long way from the days when, by his own admission, Micheal had to eat coal, each lump divided painstakingly between his 17 brothers and sisters.

● *While in America I am shocked by the latest appalling joke about the respected Kennedys, particularly about the hapless driver, Teddy.*

"What's the difference between the Republican Guard and Ted Kennedy?" "The Republican Guard never killed anyone" is the tasteless reply.

LEE EISENBERK, insecure American editor-in-chief of *Esquire*, has been in a frightful tizz over his efforts to ingratiate himself with members of the royal family.

Eisenberk met the Duchess of York earlier this year when she attended *Esquire's* launch breakfast for advertisers and was delighted when she suggested that perhaps his young son might like to come round and play with little Princess Beatrice. Weeks later, and Eisenberk is still wondering whether this was a serious offer and what the etiquette would be for reminding the Duchess.

I've found that a cheque usually helps.

● *MS B.L. BARBER of the Sindie — or Lynn Barber as she is more usually known — has taken umbrage at my suggestion that her first initial stands for Brenda.*

The truth, it seems, is even worse: Beryl.

MORE NEWS, I am afraid, of Naim Attallah-Disgusting and problems with his feminist publishing house, Women's Press.

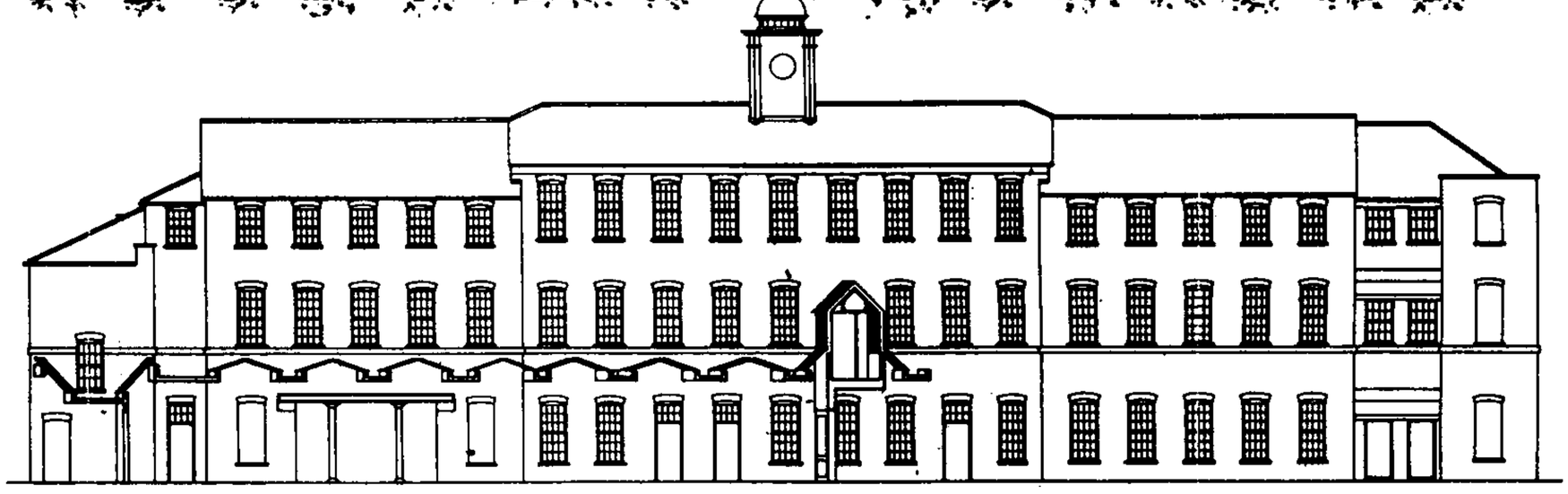
As I noted in the last *Eye*, Naim has sided with the hated Mary Hemming, the scheming deputy chief of the press, in the mistaken impression that she enjoys the support of her staff. However, from his recent comment to a board meeting — "some of the happiest moments of my life have been those times when Mary was sitting on my lap" — some readers may have inferred that he is enjoying some sort of sexual hanky-panky with her.

Far from it: for, as perhaps I should have mentioned, Ms Hemming is a committed Sapphist.

To improve her beleaguered position at the office, on Hemming's recommendation Naim has now appointed one Carol Spedding as bookclub manager at Women's Press. By an amazing coincidence, Carol Spedding is Mary Hemming's lover.

Pip Pip!

NOOKS and CORNERS



WARWICK District Council was merely a runner-up for the 1990 Macmillan Award for the worst local authority in Britain because of its treatment of Royal Leamington Spa (*Eyes* 752, 754 and 758). This year the entrenched oilygarchy of Conservative councillors may well carry off the prize.

Not content with inflicting preposterous neo-Regency prestige office buildings on the town whose designs make Quinlan Terry look, well, competent, and leaving the Royal Pump Rooms boarded up while a developer is sought to exploit them, the council now intends to despoil the stretch of linked parks and gardens along the river which is one of the delights of the elegant spa town.

Victoria Park is in the heart of Leamington's conservation area. The park contains tennis courts and some celebrated bowling greens where the English Women's Outdoor Bowling Association holds its annual championships. But why do things out of doors when you can be indoors, and make money for others? So the district council proposes to confiscate 10 percent of Victoria Park now occupied by the last 15 public tennis courts in Leamington (the town in which lawn tennis was invented in 1872) and to erect instead a large indoor bowling arena, complete with bars and 150 parking places.

In 1897, 4,500 children were assembled for the official opening of Victoria Park and today it is considered to be a children's park, so a children's petition against the development is being sent to the council. I don't suppose the councillors will be much impressed: when an opposition member said that the people of Leamington would request a public inquiry into the scheme, the chairman of the plans committee retorted: "There are depths to which some people will stoop." Quite so.

MY ILLUSTRATION comes from a nice little pamphlet called Sainsbury's in Streatham, in which those munificent grocers tell shoppers about the interesting history of the site of their new supermarket next to Streatham Common; for Cow Gum was once manufactured here and, before that, silk.

To quote: "Unlikely though it seems, Streatham once played a small but significant part in the industrial revolution in textiles. Close to, and now a part of this store is the Streatham Silk Mill, site of the first attempt to industrialize silk weaving in this country..." This mill was built in 1820 by Stephen Wilson, a Spitalfields silk manufacturer, who introduced the latest French weaving technology to South London.

When the factory was eventually closed, it was sold to Henry Cow who manufactured his glues there, while in front, on the Streatham High Road, the Beehive Coffee Tavern was built in 1878, designed by that clever "Queen Anne" architect, Ernest George. How admirable that "care has been taken to restore this building to its former glory and [that] your new Sainsbury's has been designed specifically to sympathise architecturally with the facades and brickwork of its 19th century neighbour"!

But the art-loving grocers surely deserve even more credit for retaining and restoring the Georgian mill building behind, in which "a Coffee Shop has been opened on the ground floor, where you can now sit and reflect on Stephen Wilson and his ambitions over a good cup of Sainsbury's coffee — and be glad that this monument to his life and times is still here to be enjoyed today."

How very true; and the Sainsbury shopper should also reflect that all this fascinating history could easily have been swept away by more ruthless commercial concerns.

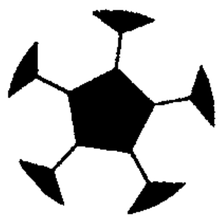
For back in 1986 the factory was bought by developers who wanted a cleared site. This company was furious when the silk mill was listed, and refused to alter its plans which envisaged a car park where the silk mill stands. In 1987 a public inquiry was held into this scheme for a supermarket at which counsel for the developers claimed that the mill had no architectural or historical importance, that no possible use could be found for it, that its listing was a put-up job and that the research undertaken by English Heritage into its history would bring discredit on a diligent schoolboy.

This line of questioning was so preposterous that counsel for the developers was actually rebuked by the inquiry inspector, who subsequently found against them, so necessitating the retention of the historic silk mill and a return to the drawing board.

And who were those discomforted developers? Why, Messrs Sainsbury! I must say, I do think they might have given credit to English Heritage for all the interesting facts published in Sainsbury's in Streatham if not for forcing them to "adopt a co-operative approach to the planning process" — after all, they got all this information for free!

'Piloti'

FOOTBALL NEWS



FOR A SENIOR bowtie at a major advertising company, Alex Fynn is adopting a curiously low profile over his role in the development of the Football Association's new premier league plan.

For, the *Eye* can reveal, the deputy chairman of Saatchi and Saatchi is the mastermind behind proposals which would cut the first division to 18 clubs and slash the apron strings tying the league's major members to their less affluent brethren.

Fynn first came to the notice of the FA fat cats with *The Secret Life of Football*, his turgid account of changes in the structure of soccer in Britain and abroad. In this brown-nosing tome Fynn speaks enthusiastically about the new breed of soccer entrepreneur — typified by Tottenham's Irving Scholar whom he describes as a "gifted organiser". (Scholar is so gifted he has overseen Spurs' arrival in the debtors' superleague.)

Another matchday mogul to attract Fynn's favour was Claude Bez, president of Girondins (Bordeaux), recently banned from the game for involvement in a tax fiddle which left his club with £30 million debts built up during his time in office.

Like most other leading clubs in Europe, Spurs and Bordeaux were encouraged to reckless extravagance by the TV companies. They have been throwing money at football ever since free competition was introduced into TV in the early 80s following the deregulation of broadcasting across Europe.

Since most of the continent's major sides are now packed with "star" players signed on enormous long-term salaries which can never be recouped through the turnstiles, they are now effectively in hock to the networks. And the networks will only redeem the big-spenders if they agree to the development of a TV-led European superleague, restricted to Europe's biggest clubs.

The foundations of a new structure were laid last month when the game's governing body UEFA was forced into accepting a new league-style European Cup format by AC Milan president and Euro-TV magnate Silvio Berlusconi, the socialist millionaire who holds the trump card of threatening a breakaway set-up whenever his demands are challenged.

Further changes in European soccer seem inevitable — and indeed, in some form or another may even be desirable — but at this stage one might have expected the FA to be fighting to ensure the long-term prosperity of all its member clubs instead of colluding with the cash combines to leave the smaller professional outfits cut off without a penny.

Enter Fynn, who sympathises with Berlusconi's vision of a TV and advertising dominated Euro-league, and who has the ear of the FA's power-mad chief executive, Graham "Bunter" Kelly. Fynn has persuaded the bumbling Kelly that the association can finally get one over on its old enemies, the Football League, by creaming off the richest clubs into a self-supporting premier division, leaving the rump of the Football League with, er, sweet FA.

POLICE 5

BRUMMIES hoping to safeguard themselves about being picked up by West Midlands police and fitted up for crimes they did not commit should consider joining the force.

Brent Sapergia, the Solihull Barons ice hockey team star, found that out the hard way when he went drinking at the Midland Red Social Club in Allison Street in the city centre.

Several off-duty members of West Midlands finest took exception to his Canadian tones and told him so in their own whingeing Brummy accents. They backed up their words forcefully and a brawl ensued.

The on-duty police duly arrived and nicked the lot — but when charges were laid a few major discrepancies emerged.

Sapergia, his club chairman, Gary Hill, and friend Terence Brookes, were all charged with violent disorder. Sapergia was also accused of assaulting PC Wayne Farmer and Hill with assaulting two other officers.

Not one of the off-duty officers will face any charges.

When asked why, Detective Chief Inspector Terry Lancaster blew his top and ordered hacks to "leave us alone".

TVE

Franchise Watch 2

(TVS 1981-?)

IN THE present franchise round, it is Television South (TVS), among the incumbent companies, which gets the equivalent of the big sympathetic smile from the nurse walking past the bed in a terminal care ward. "Do you think they know?" the looks say. And: "Look! They're being so brave about it. They talk as if they might survive."

TVS is one of the youngest ITV companies, formed in 1981 when a bid from a consortium led by James Gatward was successful, during the last round of bids, in taking the licence for the south and south-east region (outside of London) from the rather fusty Southern.

That TVS is now widely predicted to be a one-term ITV company is a result of three factors: one inherited, one invited and one accidental.

The inheritance was a vast and unwieldy transmission area which, as a result of the IBA (now the ITC) making London a separate franchise and drawing a squiggly line around the capital, covers a 400-mile coastline and includes places as diverse as Dorset, Essex, Kent and the Isle of Wight. Given that the IBA and ITC make such a show of concern about specific regional programmes, the fledgling TVS spent much money setting up studios in Southampton, Maidstone, Reading, Poole and Brighton, with an office in London. (Central, with vast studios in Birmingham and Nottingham, has suffered in the same way from expensive gestures of regional solidarity.)

The invited disaster was Gatward's purchase, in 1988, of the American MTM company, the prestigious producer of *Hill Street Blues* among other shows, for $320 million (£206 million at the then rate of exchange). The theory was that syndication of MTM products would bring in a substantial income. Regrettably, the US syndication market now appears to have been on the brink of downturn precisely when Gatward moved in. As a result, TVS managed to become a simultaneous victim of both the British and American recessions.

In December of last year, Gatward was replaced by Rudolph Agnew as chief executive. Gatward resigned from the company two months ago. In the last couple of weeks, a desperate attempt to sell MTM for a loss-making

knock-down $70 million was abandoned. It is now assumed that the draining purchase will have to be included in the 10-year business plan which TVS must submit to the ITC in pursuit of its franchise.

The accidental factor is that Richard Branson, one of the most plausible franchise hunters (he has teamed up with David Frost), lives and works in the TVS transmission area (his Virgin airline operates out of Gatwick) and may very well decide to bid for a franchise which allows him to operate from home. The MAI group is also rumoured to be sniffing in this particular part of the map. All of this might be concluded to put TVS in something of a creek-without-a-paddle scenario: financial insecurity of its own allied to loaded predators.

What can a company do in such a fix? Rather pathetically, what TVS has chosen to do is to buy a 16-page glossy advertisement insert brochure in last week's *Sunday Times*. The pamphlet was packed with jaunty claims like: "We take a wealth of inspiration from our region and return it with interest every day." Yes, well, some might wonder whether all those money metaphors are wise given the circumstances outlined above, but the booklet seems to have been written either by someone who hasn't seen the accounts or who can't see the joke. "Piece by piece, we've erected a complex infrastructure of talent and expertise", boasts another paragraph. Mmm, yes, a bit too complex, perhaps, particularly at the American end.

Undaunted, the pages drone on. One section attempts to blind the ITC with science. TVS has built "one of the most integrated computerised news gathering systems ever installed in Europe. Another innovation is the pioneering TVS helicopter..." Here comes the chopper, which might save our head. The boasts become ever more marginal: "In April this year, *Coast To Coast* became the first programme of its type to offer permanent regional subtitling via Oracle. Our foresight allows the deaf..." Let's hear it for TVS's minority sensitivity!

Perhaps the saddest section, though, is the one which deals with the company's service to its regional area. It is claimed: "As much as possible we choose local people to star in our documentaries, discussion shows, arts and current affairs programmes. This is another angle to our involvement and participation in community life."

This trick was once successfully worked by TV-am, which saved itself by simply reading out on air the birthdays of thousands of viewers each day, therefore giving them an excuse to tune in. Perhaps TVS will do the same — its brochure ends by pointing out that ordinary viewers can write to the ITC in support of an application — but, in this company's case, the paragraph quoted above may have more sinister implications. One of those "local people" chosen "to star in our documentaries" was a local hot-air balloonist called Richard Branson. Perhaps, like the electric razor man, he liked it so much he decided to buy the company.

'Square Eyes'

MEDIA NEWS

NINE MONTHS ago LWT produced a ridiculous book about itself written by a man called Docherty.

The book puffed LWT in general and John Birt in particular. Indeed LWT employees at the time felt the whole book had turned into an OBN for Birt by friend Docherty.

Today it is nice to see that Docherty works at the BBC in the John Birt empire. Perhaps we can look forward to a history of the BBC — the Brilliant Birt Corporation? — along similar lines

BBC BIG WIGS recently laid on an impressive lunch for Donald "Pixie" Trelford, editor of the *Observer*, and one of his minions at which Checkland and the rest of senior management *all* turned up.

The reason for this unusual event was a desperate attempt by the BBC to find out who would succeed Duke Hussey as chairman which, for some reason, the big-wigs imagined Trelford might know.

The name of Lord Armstrong came up and someone said that, ha, ha, this was a good idea as he was the man who was economical with truth. Someone else said that in fact the quote originally came not from Armstrong but from Burke.

Trelford then asked "Burke who?" There was a Bateman-style silence as the table froze. Someone later explained things gently to Trelford.

Trelford did not know about the BBC succession issue, either, which made the lunch something of a waste of money. And Duke Hussey of course succeeded himself.

"Are we allowed to say it's a load of fucking bollocks?"

HAVING just suffered one oil pollution scare, the French Riviera faces a still worse threat: the entire Jonathan Ross team will soon be washed up on the beach at Cannes.

Ross, his bosses Katy Landor and Mike Bolland, along with the rest of Channel X (the production house with the tiny ratings and enormous budgets) will set off on 12 May for the exclusive and hugely expensive Carlton Hotel.

Their Channel 4 Gravy Train will become a Gravy Boat, moored at vast expense throughout the Cannes film festival in a desperate bid to attract some worthwhile guests on to the ailing chat show. To date, no sane star has shown willing to board the newly-named Ship of Fools.

CORPORATION STREET W.12
An everyday story of Broadcasting Folk
"WE CAN'T MAKE JANET STREET-PORTER HEAD OF ARTS...
HAPPY RETIREMENT
JOB APPLICATION
Your ever loving Janet
IT'D BE A SHAMEFUL WASTE OF LICENCE PAYER'S MONEY...
AND THE JOB SHOULD GO TO SOMEONE WHO ACCURATELY REFLECTS OUR CONTRIBUTION TO CULTURE...
SO THERE'S ONLY ONE THING FOR IT...
LITTLE & LARGE! HERE'S AN EXTRA £80,000 A YEAR!"
"Trebles & low brows allround!"
BAR
BBC HEAD OF ARTS CONTRACT
Ken Pyne

I-SKY / BSB

An American soldier risked his life this week by running into enemy fire to rescue a teenage Iraqi boy who was being shot at by the boy's countrymen, it was reported yesterday.

Sky television filmed a group of soldiers as they urged the boy to duck to avoid the shots. Suddenly one of the infantrymen dashed out to the boy, to cries of "hero" from his fellow troops.

NICHOLAS WATT
The Times

His wife, Sinead Cusack, was not with him at the ceremony. Obliged to remain in London, where she is appearing in Map of the Heart at the Globe Theatre, she and her friend, Tessa Dahl, checked into the Draycott Hotel to watch the ceremony live on Sky Movies.

Sunday Times

CONTRIBUTORS: A.J. Appleton, Anon.

An occasional column for which readers are invited to submit Sky-plugs masquerading as news items in Murdoch papers. The usual £10 will be paid.

Sporting Life

AFTER the bleeding heart liberals who wanted to make the Grand National safer, racing has some new villains.

Naturally they are interfering outsiders with no understanding of the game: journalists and researchers working on Central Television's *Cook Report* investigation into the allegedly high wastage rate of horses in the Martin Pipe stable.

When the delicate subject of Pipey's training methods was broached in this column two years ago there were howls of indignation. Any suggestion that the champion trainer had ever got through selling and juvenile hurdlers like so many disposable nappies was just trying to knock a good man when he's up. Now that a TV documentary with no connection with racing has picked up the same point — namely that Pipe's tough, unsentimental approach may have resulted in an excessive number of tendon injuries, breakdowns and fatalities compared to other top yards — the puffa jacket and trilby brigade have cried foul again.

Dim-looking BBC commentator Richard Pitman and Bill Smith, who has just resumed his jolly summertime job as dogsbody and flunkey for Sheikh Mohammed, both rubbished the programme in advance during the BBC's Aintree coverage. And Pitman, who owns a horse in Pipe's stable, gave the trainer the blandest interview-cum-free plug during the Cheltenham transmission on 17 April.

Yet for all the expressions of contempt there are signs that the intended programme has rattled Pipe. Much has been made of the supposed intimidation of Pipe's owners by Cook's team. Yet many of those owners have told Central that they would like to cooperate but are unwilling to do so due to the persuasive phone calls that they have received from Pipe urging them not to take part.

Racecourse Security Services have also tried to discourage the researchers, as well as doing their own bit to encourage the owners to silence. One RSS official even found time to make a heavy phone call to one of the Central journalists at his home on a Sunday morning. At Newton Abbot races on Easter Saturday Pipe distributed posters around the weighing room bearing a sketch of one of the Central researchers, David Wickham. He also handed out Wickham's car registration number; but unbeknown to Pipe the car is not Wickham's.

At the outset of preparing the programme Wickham was told by one leading racing journalist and Channel 4 commentator that yes, Pipe's wastage rate is the unacceptable face of racing. But keeping quiet about it is the price everybody has to pay if they want to continue to make a living out of the sport.

'Major Bonkers'

FERRY NEWS

FURTHER TO the *Eye's* disturbing articles on the Sealink superferry Fiesta, a copy has come to light of a fascinating report by Captain B. Thompson, master of the Sealink ferry Channel Seaway, in 1989.

Captain Thompson had been asked whether the Channel Seaway should be converted into a super-ferry. In an official report in June 1989 to general manager W. Moses, the captain reported that the ferry suffered from lack of engine power and couldn't be berthed with safety in high winds. He strongly opposed the company's plans to extend the upper accommodation on the ferry or to convert it to a passenger ship carrying 1,800 passengers. Why?

His chief reason was alarming: "It is my firm opinion that the changes would still not improve the vessel's manoeuvrability to such an extent to enable her to be handled safely and efficiently in all weather conditions. No master could guarantee safety, reliability and punctuality..."

So impressed was Sealink by these warnings that it promptly converted the Channel Seaway, which then only carried freight — into the passenger-carrying Fiesta!

IT WAS tough luck for the representative of the firm of celebrated solicitor Sir David Napley at a recent meeting of the Disaster Families Committee, which meets to discuss how the victims and relatives of those who died in the numerous man-made tragedies of recent years can secure a better deal.

Napley had made himself a hero to the families of those who died in Lord Sterling's ferry at Zeebrugge. It was Napley's persistence at the inquest which led to the embarrassing jury verdict of "unlawful killing".

At the meeting representing all the disaster-struck families, however, Napley's representative was challenged by the victims of the Marchioness pleasure boat disaster. Angrily they said they would not meet with anyone from Napley's firm — which had perceptively been hired by Ready Mixed Concrete, the owners of the Bowbelle, the dredger that had crashed into the Marchioness and sunk it.

Napley's firm, known in the trade as Aptly Napley, is working just as hard for his clients in the Marchioness disaster as he did in the Zeebrugge affair.

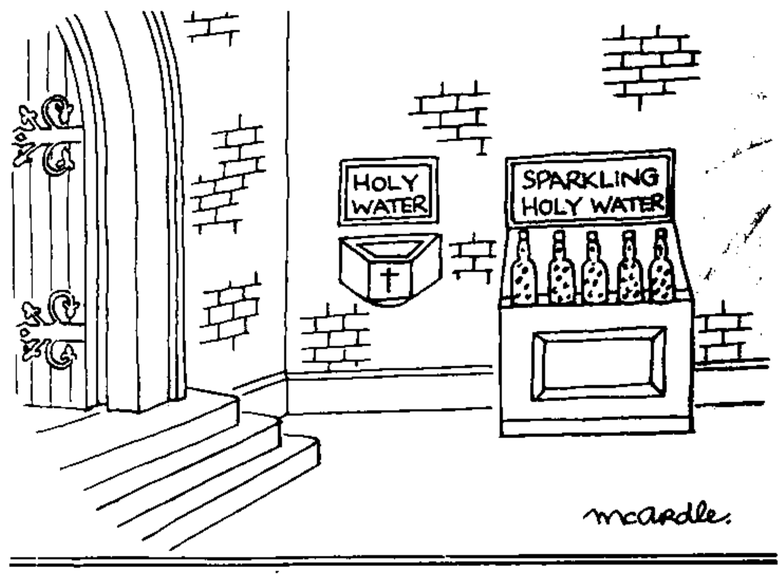
ARMS NEWS

A DISARMING riposte to the Gulf War and current Middle East conflict is set to take place next month when the Defence Manufacturers' Association returns to Birmingham's National Exhibition Centre to stage the defence components' and equipment exhibition.

War fans will jump at the chance to view the very latest tanks, assorted armoured vehicles and hi-tech missiles before they make their way to some dodgy third world dictator east of Suez.

One doesn't have to work for *Jane's Defence Weekly* to work out that at the previous defence components' show, also held at the NEC, in 1989, much of the ultra-chic gear displayed over the last nine months in Mesopotamia was on parade.

Soon after that last exhibition, the Defence Manufacturers' Association boasted that despite the thawing of the cold war, arms dealers could continue to thrive because of the ease with which they could



sell arms to undeveloped countries. In 1989, UK arms exports totalled £2,000 million, three-quarters of which went to the "starving" third world, representatives of whom were very much in evidence at the last fair.

By this stage, peaceniks will be wondering how so anti-social and unwholesome a show managed to get through the NEC's normally fastidious censor-machine — after all, isn't the NEC sited on socialist Birmingham city council soil?

The highly-accommodating town hall regime around self-styled "moderate" Labour leader Sir Dick Knowles has argued that the city council shouldn't interfere with whom the NEC board chooses to keep company, although Knowles is himself a member of the NEC board.

If planned protests are unsuccessful and the exhibition does take place, as still looks likely, the chaps from Whitehall and Curzon Street will presumably be carefully checking the malls of the Bull Ring and the register at Crossroads Motel to ensure none of Saddam's boys nip into the NEC incognito to replenish missing stocks.

GREAT CONMEN 94

GEOFFREY KEYTE, formerly of 37 Bromley Road, St Annes-on-Sea, Lancashire, who runs a curious alternative health outfit called Complementary Health Exhibitions, is being pursued by various irate creditors.

In March 1990 he ran an exhibition in Edinburgh, the catering for which was provided by a co-op called The Refreshment Room. The caterers were asked to provide supper at a concert for 100 guests, but when they sent their bill for around £500, Keyte refused to pay on the grounds that fewer than 100 had turned up.

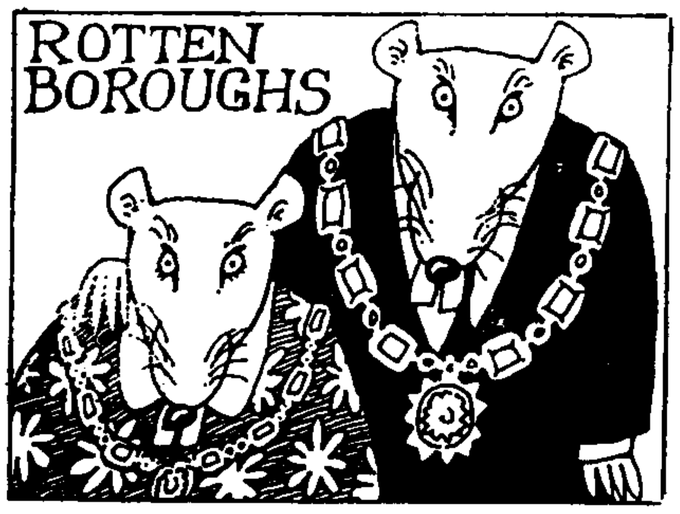
According to one of the co-op staff, Muriel Mowat, Keyte has recently written asking for an amended bill; while Lawrie & Co, a firm of electricians who worked on the exhibition, are still owed £550, although Keyte has made various promises to pay them. Other Edinburgh creditors include Martin Hunt, who is owed £4,000 in consultancy fees and Prontaprint, owed £3,000 for printing the exhibition catalogues.

Last June Keyte ran another exhibition, this time in Bristol. There he ran up an advertising bill of roughly £2,000 with Bristol United Newspapers. According to them, he is no longer to be found at his address in Lancashire. Keyte, who signs his letters to creditors "with kindest regards", used to have a crystal healing business and his telephone answering message said: "Sorry, but I'm out spreading crystal energy."

The *Eye* offers the usual fiver for any information about the healer's whereabouts.

YOBS

HUSBAND



NORFOLK

MORE THAN 100 acres of luscious, unspoilt grazing land on the outskirts of Norwich, close to the tourist-soaked Norfolk Broads, could be destroyed if a £10 million mining venture goes ahead, much to the chagrin of Norfolk's ruddy-faced, yellow-haired conservation folk.

Surprisingly the scheme, a trust which goes by the innocent-sounding name of the "Arminghall Settlement", is being backed by the Tory-controlled county council as well as the hitherto-anonymous Broads National Park quango.

If Arminghall Settlement goes ahead, the popular Whitlingham Lane beauty spot, only a mile from Norwich city centre, will be exploited for its precious and scarce mineral content — it sits on 4.3 million tons of gravel.

The gravel mining work is set to last for 21 years and would destroy nearly 200 plant species as well as a London Zoo-full of birds, mammals and insect life. Norwich, a city rare in enjoying a massive wildlife haven so close by, would lose much of its olde-time, rustic charm.

In a desperate bid to win support from local sun and water-seekers, the planners are claiming that once the gravel work has been completed, the stagnant pools littering the site are somehow to form themselves into Norfolk's newest Broads, ready for water-sports and boating but presumably not fishing.

There are also plans for the site to house the obligatory 15-acre car park; worse still, all waste material from the development is to be built into one huge slag heap, no doubt in awesome contrast to Norfolk's traditionally flat terrain.

More cynically, noticeboards outlining the plans dotted around the site have been helpfully splashed with dollops of green. These represent not leafy enclaves among the gravel heaps, as first thought — but more car-parks!

Meanwhile, the local branch of the arch-conservation group, Friends of the Earth, has launched a massive lobbying campaign against Arminghall Settlement. FoE is astonished that the Broads Authority is willing to let one of Britain's foremost national parks and most sought-after holiday locations become a business park.

INTERESTING FACT: Arminghall Settlement is also the name of the trust through which local mustard king Timothy Colman, arguably the most powerful burgher in the East, conducts much of his property dealing. Colman, who also maintains copious television, publishing and financial interests, owns much of the Whitlingham Lane land.

ANOTHER INTERESTING FACT: Another of the trust's signatories, a Captain Jonathan Peel, is — quite coincidentally — chairman of the Broads Authority — and chairman of Norfolk County Council's transport and planning committee.

BIRMINGHAM

BIRMINGHAM'S bungling bureaucrats are bracing themselves for a crop of sackings after a clumsily drawn contract handed 27 acres of prime city centre land to London developers.

The site, which is next to the International Convention Centre (it opens for business next month with £160 million of city money behind it), had been earmarked to become a national indoor sports arena with a huge "entertainments and nightlife" complex attached — designed to appeal to the international visitors to the ICC and generate thousands of extra visitors to the city.

Now sophisticated, jet-setting business folk and other professionals seeking entertainment after a hard day's negotiations are to be presented with... a ten-pin bowling alley.

Two years ago a consortium of three developers, Merlin Shearwater Laing, beat Ladbrokes, the only other contenders for the development, by promising to build a marketplace, a heritage museum, a cinema complex and an international aquarium on the site.

But the clumsily drafted contract allows the consortium to reposition the goalposts. It has now drawn up plans to build a hugely profitable and very ugly office block there instead. As a sop to the outraged councillors it has offered to stick a ten-pin bowling alley alongside — provided the city comes up with the cash.

The contract offered to MSL shows the blinding incompetence of the Birmingham's bureaucrats and Labour rulers. MSL only had to "use its best endeavours" to provide anything but the sports arena. And it still gets £48 million plus the 27 acres of land — which even now lies derelict. A hasty landscaping operation has been mounted at the city's cost for the official opening of the ICC by the Queen in June. City solicitor Stewart Dobson has told his bosses they can do nothing but grind their teeth.

However, just in case the voters find out the truth before next month's local elections, all public discussion of the deal has been banned. The disaster was reported in secret and ICC committee chairman, Mrs Pat Sever, has threatened political doom on all who speak out. The official overseeing the scheme for the council, Colin Hough, is said to be a worried man.

THE continuing antics of social workers running the city's children's homes poses one big question: just who in Birmingham should be in care?

The latest incident in social services concerns two senior officers, a man and a woman, who were discovered locked in together in the vacant cell of a top security unit when they were supposed to be doing "sleeping-in duty".

The Pentlands unit at St John's children's home in Erdington houses some of the West Midlands' most dangerous and disturbed youngsters — including at least one teenage killer. The pair, Carol Seymour and Dave Stuart, spent about half an hour in the room in the early hours of Monday 1 April. A third social worker opened the doors for them.

Other members of staff say a main door was left unlocked for all that time — a serious breach of security. A full investigation was ordered by social services chairwoman Najma Hafeez when she heard of the incident. But her senior officers have now decided the whole affair was an "April Fool's Day prank", claiming there was no impropriety and that the doors were always locked.

April Fool's jokes in top security units holding children who have killed seem quite acceptable to director Adrianne Jones. The officers have been reprimanded but remain on duty.

MURKEYSIDE

LIVERPOOL'S council chamber resounded last month to cries of "Roll up your trouser-leg Harry!" when the Sparts protested against Labour leader Harry Rimmer's compulsory redundancy policy.

"I am not a member of The Brotherhood," Rimmer told his tormentors. But masonic ties or no, he has had to reexamine his household fire insurance policy following an arson attack on his home. And deputy mayor Trevor Smith was beaten up by lumpen elements, despite voting against the redundancies.

Smith earned notoriety after a parliamentary shindig in London to honour Eric Heffer. He asked the Commons catering staff to wrap up the left-overs for him. Civic dignitaries waiting at Euston for the Lime Street inter-city were deeply embarrassed when Trev held aloft a bulging green bag with the H of C logo on it and shouted across the platform: "I've got a doggy-bag!"

LIVERPOOL'S bin men are on a work-to-rule — the rule being that instead of emptying bins once every three weeks they now do it every six. But there are exceptions.

Councillors who voted for staff redundancies don't get their bins emptied at all. With unusual efficiency the wagons pass by their front doors — a sign that they've been singled out for greater things to come.

Ian "Gnashers" Lowes, ex-Militant leader of GMBATU, suggests his boys might vent their anger by dumping the entire city's rubbish outside the town hall — news that will not please Ken Robinson, director of environmental services. For Ken has had such a bad time from the G&M in his £35,000 a year post that he's taken long periods off sick suffering nervous breakdowns.

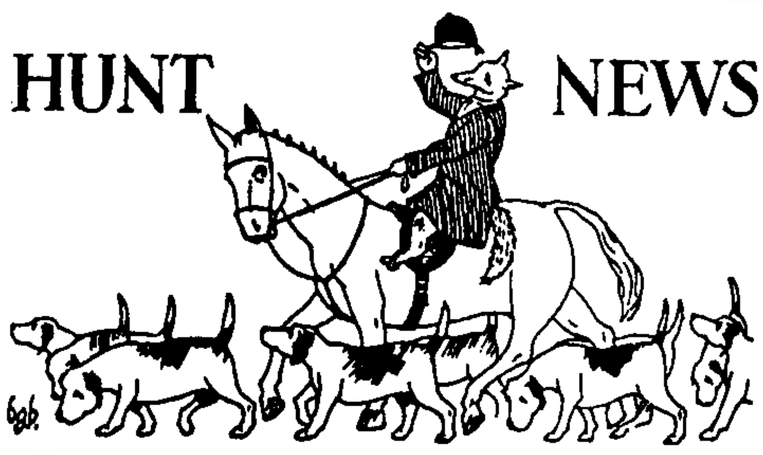
Under the council's own redundancy points system, Robinson's sickness record would put him top of the list for dismissal. Fortunately his job is so essential that it's been "ring-fenced". Ken also happens to be married to Vicki Roberts, chair of finance. She is unlikely to axe her husband.

ALLERDALE

THE CURSE of Gnome has struck Allerdale council in Cumbria following last issue's revelations about the massive losses surrounding the Keswick Spa development, the borough's ludicrous venture into the timeshare market.

The authority's much-criticised chief executive, Tony Perry, was suspended by the ruling Tory-Independent coalition only days after the *Eye* detailed the timeshare company's £5 million losses.

Following Perry's suspension, councillors now want to know how 1,000 holiday homes among the Lake District's well-trod fells and passes could lose the council £5 million over a five-year period, especially when the losses could have been averted had councillors acted when first warned 18 months ago.



IN THE LAST *Eye* we reported the disgraceful violence dealt out on hunt saboteurs at a recent meet of the Hursley and Hambledon Hunt.

Although none of the hunt supporters has yet been charged for the vicious assaults on Jason Fazackerley and others, hunt saboteur Martin Palmer has been charged with three offences under the public order act.

This is not the first time Palmer has had cause to doubt the impartiality of the police and the Crown Prosecution Service. In October 1989, during a meet of the same hunt, Palmer was ruthlessly beaten by a gang of six supporters, sustaining a broken nose and fractured ribs. Photographs of the assault were supplied to the Hampshire police. The CPS brought charges, then dropped them, against one hunt supporter who admitted the assault but claimed he had acted in self-defence.

Since then Palmer has been the victim of close police attention. In February 1990, at another Hursley and Hambledon meet, he was arrested and charged "for causing alarm, distress and harassment to a police officer". He was acquitted last November by magistrates in Alton since the police evidence differed somewhat from the notes of Palmer's original interview.

Shortly before his acquittal, in September 1990, Palmer was following the Chiddingfold, Leconfield and Cowdray Hunt when his vehicle was stopped by police on a public road. He was dragged out, charged with threatening behaviour and offered a hospitality cell for the day, although the West Sussex police dropped charges. Again, in January 1991, at a Hursley and Hambledon meet, he was arrested for leaving a public footpath, an act which was interpreted as "behaviour likely to cause a breach of the peace", and banged up for the day. Hampshire police, too, dropped charges.

As a result, Palmer is now bringing civil actions against the police for wrongful arrest and false imprisonment.

'Reynard'

PLEASE NOTE THE INVITATION YOU HAVE RECEIVED TO OUR SCIENCE INTO INDUSTRY SOIREE ON HAZARDS AND DISASTERS ON 8 MAY IS ON WEDNESDAY AND NOT THURSDAY AS PRINTED ON THE INVITATION CARD.

PLEASE ACCEPT OUR APOLOGIES FOR ANY INCONVENIENCE CAUSED.

The Royal Society

Kuwait – The Inside Story

ONE OF THE more intriguing liberations in Kuwait City after the allies' glorious victory was a set of documents from the emir's palace. Exactly how the documents were liberated is not clear; but some found their way to Thames TV's *This Week* programme, and others, even more mysteriously, to the *Eye*.

The documents are mainly concerned with the emir's biggest worry: his personal security from the wrath and envy of his people. "Security," says one top secret report in 1986 from the emir's relative, Fahd Youssef Saoud Al Sabah, who is in overall charge of protecting the Al Sabah family, "is one of God's gifts extended to his followers". But security, the document warned, was under threat from "cowardly deception and treachery, and from dirty hands and satanic souls".

The document's immediate concern was the state of the Amiri Guard brigade, the crack unit which guards the royal family. According to the report, the brigade was riddled with weaknesses which imperilled its efficiency. Chief among these was the patronage employed when appointing officers from the Military Academy. The report blames "influence" used on such appointments, which leads to the rapid promotion of people of little quality. Moreover — and surprising in a land where alcohol consumption is illegal — "a percentage of officers drink alcohol and are of bad reputation".

The state of affairs in the brigade, the report revealed, was a mirror image of Kuwait itself: huge wealth, corruption and privilege at the top and rotten conditions at the bottom. While the self-selected officers got drunk and forsook their duties, the rank and file, who were not even Kuwaiti citizens, were poorly paid and truculent. Ammunition was not checked and "undesirables" had infiltrated the force.

Not very much seems to have been done to implement the report's recommendations until the question of royal security was raised rather more dramatically in 1988. In March that year, the same Fahd Youssef Saoud Al Sabah sent another report, this time labelled "top secret" to the head of military security and intelligence.

"We wish to inform you," he told his father, the emir, "that on Thursday 10th March 1988, at 0200 hours, *[a named member of the ruling family]* came to the main gate of Dasman Palace and he was in an extraordinary state. He sat in the room allocated for the security of the Palace Guard and started talking about His Highness the Ruling Prince, saying morally unspeakable things, swearing repeatedly and promising to murder his Highness, pointing at a picture of His Highness and at a gun carried by one of the guards who was on duty at the gate."

The report disclosed that this was not "the first time such things have been perpetrated by a member of the ruling family. There has been a similar problem in the past when *[another named relative]* came to the Palace in an unusual state and was armed with a machine gun and there was a near exchange of fire with a member of the security guards."

No action is recorded about this report. The following year (1989) the harassed security chief found himself writing yet another strongly critical report, this time about the behaviour of top government officials and ministers who accompanied the emir on foreign trips during that year — to Iraq, France and Africa.

The bulk of the report deals with the tireless but apparently unsuccessful efforts of the Amiri Guard to control the drinking of alcohol by top Kuwaiti officials on the visits. Again and again the baggage of these officials was broken into to reveal a large quality of booze. On one occasion, some bottles were confiscated and the unlucky official sulked in his hotel room and refused to attend meetings for a full day. In Mali, one of the officials went missing. The report says:

"A search was issued for him at the hotel bar, where he usually frequents, where he was indeed found in a state of total inebriation and he was carried by the guards to his room to get his luggage. As a consequence of this action, some problems occurred between him and the Amiri Guards..."

The official responsible for distributing gifts to foreign officials is described in the report as "constantly in a state of drunkenness all during his trip". Another delegate is criticised for "sitting by the swimming pool, surrounded by four African women in their bathing costumes. He was flirting with one, slapping another on the backside in front of all the hotel residents and other delegates — he was publicly drinking alcohol with these women and charging the bill to his hotel room."

In a forceful summary, the security chief begged the emir to do something drastic to stop the high incidence of drunkenness, gambling, use of prostitutes, fiddling of expenses and the exorbitant use of international telephone calls by delegates on the foreign trips. Above all the emir was implored to give a general security instruction allowing the baggage of top officials to be inspected by the Amiri Guard. As an example of how vital this could be, the report disclosed that on the very luxurious trip to Iraq, President Saddam Hussein had personally given each member of the Kuwaiti delegation a valuable gift — a machine gun each.

As a result of this long report, on 22 October 1989 the director-general of state security in Kuwait, Brigadier Fahd Ahmad AL-Fahd, had a long meeting with the interior minister (who, like all top ministers, is related to the emir). As a result of that meeting, the brigadier travelled to the United States for long and anxious interviews at the headquarters of the Central Intelligence Agency.

The visit was from 12 to 18 November 1989. On 14 November Brigadier Fahd had a long meeting with the director of the CIA, Judge William Webster. Webster and all his officials emphasised throughout these meetings that they must be kept top secret "in order not to arouse sensibilities among our brothers in the Gulf Co-Operation Council, Iran and Iraq".

The subject for discussion was the unreliability of the Amiri Guard, highlighted by the security reports of bad behaviour and in particular by a serious (but unpublicised) public attack on the emir. The CIA agreed at once to train a new Guard of 128 men specially selected by the Kuwaitis. The men would be flown post haste to the United States and trained there. A special computer system full of information about "extremist Shia groups" would be made available by the CIA to the Kuwaitis. Mr Webster applauded our measurers to combat movements backed by Iran," reported Brigadier Fahd, "and said that the CIA was willing to take joint steps to eliminate points of tension in the Gulf region".

Judge Webster also encouraged the Kuwaitis "to take advantage of the deteriorating economic situation in Iraq to put pressure on that country's government to delineate our common border", reported the Brigadier. He went on: "The CIA gave us its view of appropriate means of pressure." These "appropriate means" were chiefly to do with oil prices. If oil prices could be kept down by the Kuwaitis, the CIA suggested, the pressure on Iraq to settle the border dispute would grow. This proved prophetic. Iraq was so squeezed by the low oil price that it invaded Kuwait and started the Gulf War.

"Cleopatra!"
"Antony!"

Letters

Very reverend

Sir,

Re Nooks and Corners, 29 March

I refer to the above column concerning the demolition of the church and presbytery formerly known as St Benedict's, Drumchapel, Glasgow.

Quite apart from the errors of fact, it contains a number of allegations regarding the conduct of Archbishop Thomas J. Winning relative to his observance of the law of the land — as well as the suggestion that he is engaged in "corruption".

Your contributor has clearly failed to establish the truth. No attempt on the part of Private Eye was made to even seek a comment from the Archdiocese.

In mid-October 1990, the Archdiocese of Glasgow lodged an application to demolish with Glasgow District Council.

On 25 January 1991, a demolition warrant was issued.

Demolition did not begin until mid-March 1991.

There was nothing secretive about the Archdiocese's actions, nor was any action taken in haste.

Recent press reports, similar to your own, have resulted in a clarification by Steven F. Hamilton, town clerk and chief executive of Glasgow District Council.

He has stated that "there was clearly no legal impediment to the demolition proceeding when it did." Indeed, Glasgow District Council did not "recommend" that the buildings be listed.

Significantly, too, not one parishioner has complained to this office about the demolition itself — other than a gentleman who objected that it hadn't taken place "20 years ago".

In view of the above, I must insist that you publish a correction in the next edition of Private Eye, failing which I must reserve our position re proceeding against you for defamation.

Yours faithfully,
(REV) NOEL BARRY,

Vicar Episcopal, Archdiocese of Glasgow.

Solo

Sir,

Music News

As a professional singer and teacher, I read with interest your item in Eye 765 with reference to the integrity of the staff and students at the London College of Music.

Perhaps I could regale your readers with a few facts.

The ALCM diploma is merely a first-year diploma which accesses the student to the higher diplomas of LLCM, FLCM and GLCM. Nobody pretends it is anything more or less.

As regards teaching staff, I can cite, purely by way of example, Ms Pamela Bowden and Ms Janice Chapman, two singers with international reputations as performers and teachers, who are producing fine young singers at the LCM.

Indeed, I feel that Michael Tippett, Richard Rodney Bennett and John McCabe, the three senior officials at the college, will all be most surprised to read that they are, apparently, unknown.

I, myself, am enjoying a highly successful singing and teaching career. Surely this is impossible without adequate education and training?

May one assume that by the bastardization of its founder's name, the next educational establishment to be rubbished is IRCAM? May one also assume that your contributor misunderstands the concept of an equal opportunities policy?

Yours faithfully,
ANDREW PERRY GLCM (Hons)

Battersea.

PS: I didn't apply for any other colleges.

Goings on

Sir

Thank you for allowing me space to reply to the letters of a hostile and largely inaccurate nature about my magazine, SEARCHLIGHT, *and myself that have appeared in the Eye recently.*

1 *I do not have a conviction for burglary. I have a conviction for entering by artifice the home of the self-confessed "mild fascist", David Irving, and for stealing by finding a GPO warrant card. I pleaded guilty and was fined less than £50 at the Middlesex Sessions in January 1964.*

2 *I was not sued over the* PANORAMA *programme, "Maggie's Militant Tendency", because I only worked on it after filming had ended and none of my work involved the matters over which they were sued. I was then hired by the BBC lawyers for nearly two years to work on the case. The other three researchers did not work on the programme at all, only on the case afterwards and they gave* SEARCHLIGHT'S *address because witnesses were being leaned on.*

The BBC has continued to hire me and SEARCHLIGHT *since then and in fact we worked on a* PANORAMA *programme on the far-right that was broadcast a couple of weeks ago.*

3 *Harry Bidney's offence was one of which the Church of England Commissioners, and possibly a Cabinet minister recently, are also guilty. He was secretary to a company that owned a lot of property in Soho. It appears that some flats were occupied by prostitutes and this technically made him guilty of living in part on immoral earnings. There was no question of him pimping or anything like it.*

4 *Harry Bidney never committed any sexual offences against anybody, let alone youngsters, and the Eye more than anybody else should know the background of the case and that the charges against him were dropped at the Old Bailey.*

5 *The letter from Patrick Harrington is pure cheek. Since we forced him to admit to his nazi chums that he was meeting with British intelligence on a regular basis following which they slung him out, he has become more and more spiteful, doing stupid things like publishing my home address on the cover of the final issue of* NATIONAL FRONT NEWS.

He used to make persistent complaints to the Press Council about SEARCHLIGHT. *None of them stuck and in the end he was branded a mischievous complainant.*

6 *Donald King's contribution topped them all. King, a well known fascist, tried on a number of occasions when he was young to seduce Robert Edwards, a self-admitted gay fascist. Edwards told me he would not touch King with a very long barge pole and when Edwards turned up in court to stand trial for publishing the racist comic* THE STORMER, *there was King working with the cops.*

7 *As to author Martin Walker's knowledge of goings on in Soho, you could write it on the back of a postage stamp. When his book on the NF appeared, it was full of serious errors and* SEARCHLIGHT *gave it a very poor review. He also tried to ingratiate himself with us in the oddest way by thanking me on the same page as he thanked the then NF boss Martin Webster for his help. Your former writers Bron Waugh and Martin Tompkinson may recall the day I chased Walker around your old offices and ended up telling him he was not worth hitting.*

Yours faithfully,
GERRY GABLE,

Searchlight, London W1.

● ***That's enough Gable – Ed.***

Any time

Sir,

I have just read the Sally Deedes column in Private Eye no. 764 and have to point out that I did not say that HSE inspectors cannot make impromptu visits, or that they always arrive at a reasonable hour. Other than that, congratulations on the article.

Yours faithfully,
STEVE RABSON,

National Health and Safety Officer, GMB, London SW19.

Juicy

Sir,

Business News ("Boys trouble", Eye 765) is in danger of claiming that "higher prices mean cheaper electricity", a view previously attributed to Cecil Parkinson on the cover of your own organ. Still, maybe that's what you get for using the Institution of Electrical Engineers as a source of information on electricity economics.

Eye may be forgiven, perhaps, for wondering how the level of supply will be planned, now that it's left to City investors interested mainly in making money. The IEE should know better. No one else will be surprised to learn that a growing shortage will drive up the price and encourage investors to build new plants. Eye may not think much of this approach, but can rest assured that it is no worse than the old system, where everything was left to engineers interested mainly in making huge and unnecessary power stations — regardless of the price.

Some engineers seem to be annoyed, now that no one will let them build any more of their favourite toys. The truth is that the industry is bursting at the seams with excess capacity, especially of the "baseload" kind favoured by the proponents of gas (and many "renewables"). This excess arose under the old system, where engineers could build any old rubbish (even AGRs, for Chrissakes) and then use their monopoly power to stuff the costs into the final customer's bill.

Since the industry's (semi-)privatisation, it has become apparent how much of this capacity was worthless. This explains NatPowerGen's low flotation value, the current low electricity prices and the lack of interest in new generators. Surely Eye is not trying to suggest (à la Parkinson) that we would be better off if we had **both** *higher electricity prices* **and** *even more unnecessary power stations blotting the landscape?*

Yours faithfully,
GRAHAM SHUTTLEWORTH,

Oxford.

O.B.N.

Mike Maloney, top photographer for the Mirror Group, covers the action with the M6:

... The built-in meter makes life really easy but, most of all, it's Leica's reliability that gives me so much confidence. My pictures are usually of very private meetings which are unlikely to be repeated... Lech Walesa, Henry Kissinger, ex-President Reagan and when Robert Maxwell met Mikhail Gorbachev inside the Kremlin, I shot them exchanging views.

Leica advertisement

Submitted by Anon.

£10 paid for all entries put forward for the Order of the Brown Nose.

Murkneyside

Sir,

Your "Letter from Orkney" (Eye 765) has a few facts wrong:

1 *The age of the youngest child snatched by social workers was eight, not five.*

2 *Four families were involved, not three.*

3 *Their village is called St Margaret's Hope, not St Margaret's. It's known locally as The Hope.*

4 *The full-page ad in the local paper was placed by the families' solicitors, not the social work department. It was part of their effort to prove that nothing had happened — not, at any rate, in a flooded quarry at ten o'clock on an Orcadian autumn night (please bring your own satanic parka and long johns).*

Your Orcadian correspondent might try to find out why it was that these nine children were flown off to the Scottish mainland when there were, at the time, nine places available in the local children's homes. Do Orkney's social workers take such a dim view of the standard of care provided by their own department? I think we should be told, but I'm fairly sure we won't be.

Yours faithfully,
DAVID MILSTED,

Isle of Skye.

Lookalike

Hattersley

Spinola

Sir,

You might be interested in publishing this picture of a gargoyle of one Benedict Spinola, who conned Magdalene College in a land deal in the 16th century. I do perceive a resemblance to Roy Hattersley. Curiously, the mouth of the gargoyle is open wide. Awaiting food, perhaps?

Yours faithfully,
CHRIS JONES,

Stoke-on-Trent.

Bible belt

Sir,

I notice in the last Eye you seem to be suffering from some sort of malaise in your reporting.

First, a large swipe at Gen Noriega's supposed conversion to Christianity with references to "cruel and unusual punishment" and "torture and brainwashing". Can two men, whether from the Deep South (or the Shallow North or whatever) really torture a former "Hard Man" through two feet of reinforced glass and concrete? Can they bash a Bible through an intercom? Truly the Lord moves in mysterious ways.

Second, a lampoon of a rather excitable George Carey in a rather excitable Diary about getting bums on seats in rather excitable Anglican churches. God, if only it were true.

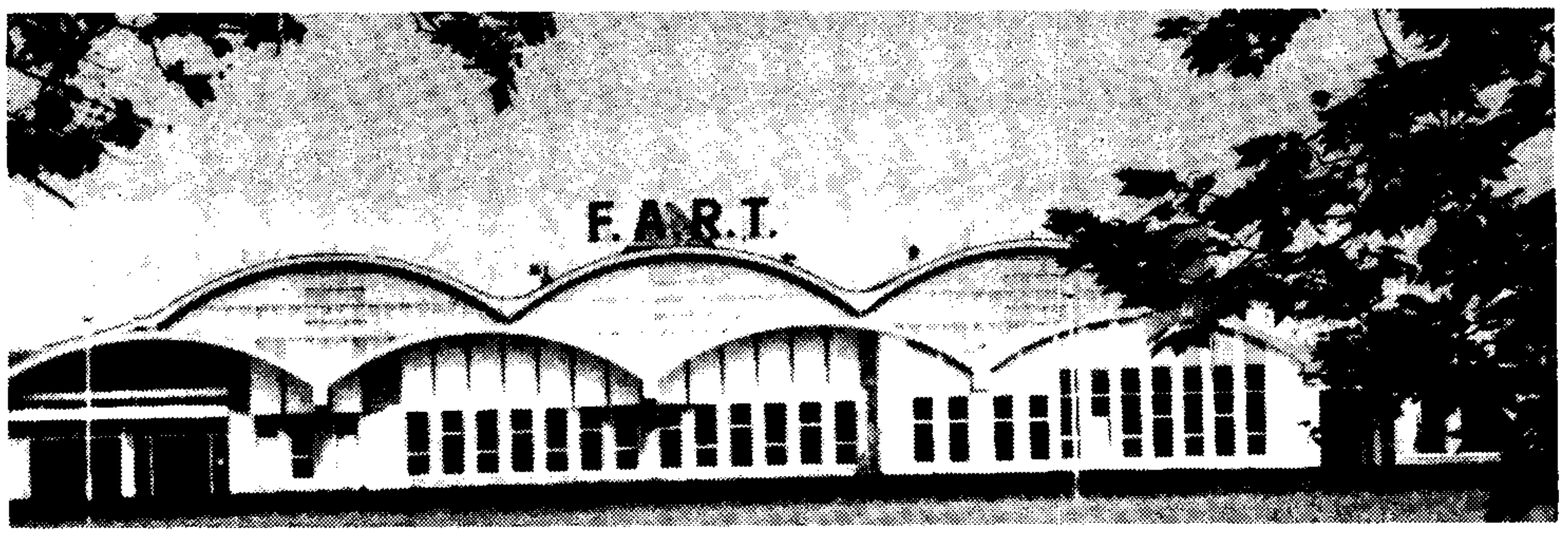
And finally, James Anderton being a "bible-bashing, neophyte Catholic" (Shurely shome contradiction?). Of course, if he is a religious loony, then he must bash a Bible in his religious frenzies.

Is anything wrong? Bad day at the hands of Sue, Grabbit and Runne? I think we should be told.

I herewith withdraw my lunatic, Bible-bashing, non-existent subscription. God bless you all.

A.N. CHRISTIAN,

Thatcham, Berks.



I-SPY **Submitted by J. Norris. £10 paid for similar submissions.** *(SAE required for return of photographs. No transparencies.)*

Treviso

Cock tale

Sir,

Your powers of invention are astounding. Random Century were not asked to arrange a cocktail party before the Sunday Times literary banquet. A small drinks party was held for our guest of honour, Muriel Spark. It was given by the Sunday Times and Joan Collins was not present although she was able to join her publisher's table for dinner later. The "message" you quote was not written by our editor, Andrew Neil, and the author of this fantasy might feel more at home writing romantic fiction.

Yours faithfully,
PENNY PERRICK,

Books Section, The Sunday Times, London E1.

The weekend sex

Sir,

Why, I wonder, is the vile, sadistic slasher novel DIRTY WEEKEND *judged (predictably) "worse" than the vile, sadistic slasher novel* AMERICAN PSYCHO? *(Literary Review, 12 April) Not just because it is more "sincere" and less "knowingly exploitative", surely?*

As a rabid, blood-splattered feminist, I would hesitate to suggest that it had anything to do with the author's gender. Indeed, I shall beat myself senseless with a copy of Marianne Wiggins' JOHN DOLLAR *as a penance for this impertinence.*

Yours in cannibalism,
ANN MERRILL,

London N4.

Ah so

Sir,

Re: W.P. Jaspert's letter in Eye 765.

What's "Turandot" got to do with the Japanese and any influence they may have on western culture? Turandot was a Chinese princess and Puccini's opera is set in Peking.

Yours faithfully,
J.W. MARTIN,

Market Drayton, Shropshire.

Greggarious

Sir,

I have always bought Private Eye for its keenness to attack individuals and institutions who so richly deserve the venom and derision you so scornfully pour on these highly deserving targets, but the cartoon about Anne Gregg was beyond belief.

Why Ken Pyne unleashed such a vicious attack on this charming and soft-spoken woman is quite beyond my comprehension! For one thing she is **not** *"old" and yes, I know Sue is over 40, but let's face it, all the most attractive woman around these days are (eg Tina Turner, Sue Jay, Stephanie Powers, Gloria Hunniford, etc). I personally find her extremely attractive (by the way I am 29) and in fact, I only watch* HOLIDAY '91 *to see her, despite her chubby schoolboy co-host.*

Yours faithfully,
JAMES A. DEAN BSc
Eng(Hons) ACGI, FRGS.

Great Malvern, Worcs.

Colemanballs

£10 paid for contributions

"I wonder whether Man United are missing the absence of Bruce?"
TREVOR FRANCIS, ITV
(Brian Viner)

"I want to be able to walk the streets of London anywhere in the world."
LLOYD HONEYGHAN, Radio 4
(R.N.G. Stone)

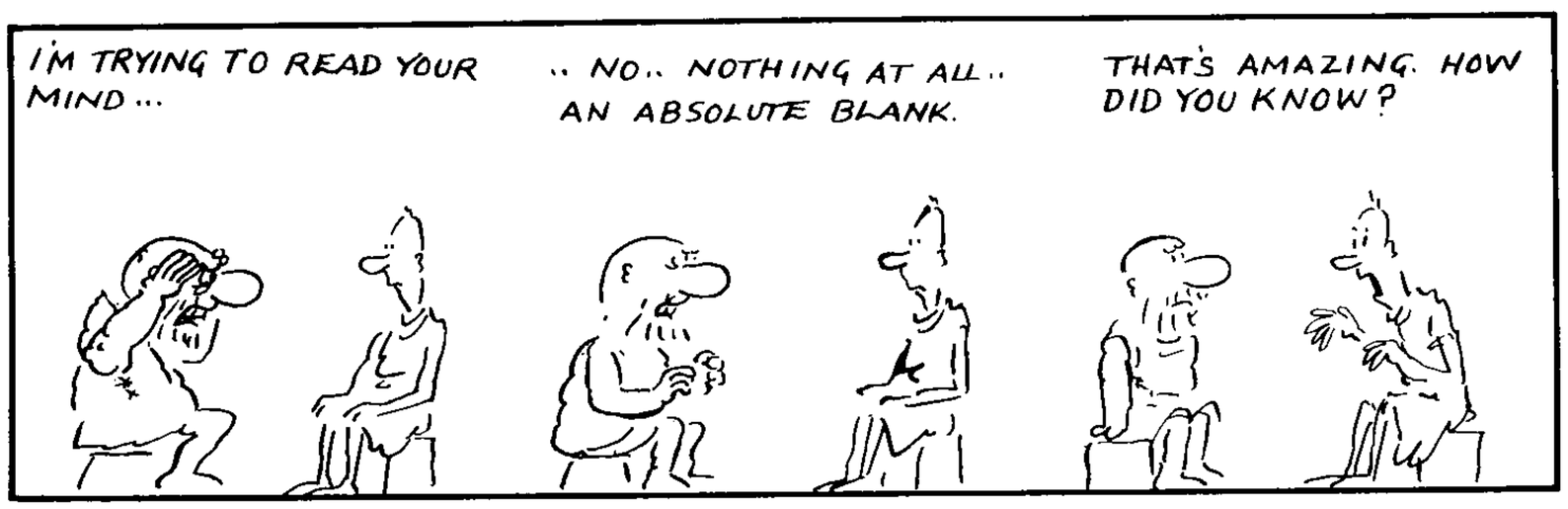
"Thorstvedt — replacing the imaginary divot in his head..."
ALAN GREEN, Radio 5
(A. MacLarty)

"And so it's West Ham one, Everton nil — and that's the way it stayed all through half-time."
MICK LOWES, Capital Radio
(Lucy Abram)

"Rachel... hello, what's your name?"
PHILIP SCHOFIELD, Radio 1
(Denis Fuller)

HOM SAP

BY DAVID AUSTIN



Letter from **Israel**

from Our Own Correspondent

IF ANYONE'S a winner in the Gulf War, it must be us. For a start, the departure of all those American TV crews from the West Bank to Saudi Arabia allowed us to repair our tattered international reputation.

Under Iraqi attack, we refrained from retaliating — not a great sacrifice as the Yanks were doing it for us — and so recast ourselves as helpless, passive victims.

Of course our direct war casualties were rather light: two Israelis killed by Scud rockets and, as our authorities recently revealed, 60 others requiring hospitalisation. In fact we were far from passive during the six-week war: our soldiers shot dead 21 of the Palestinians under our rule, including the mother of a new-born baby, and hundreds were injured. In all, 3,647 Palestinians were arrested.

In the West Bank and Gaza Strip, 1.5 million people were put under prolonged curfews, which meant that they could not leave home even if they needed medical treatment. Refugee camp dwellers quickly ran out of money to feed their families. Palestinian farmers, prevented from harvesting their crops, watched them rot. One economist put the losses to the Palestinian economy in the occupied territories at $5.2 million dollars a day.

It is Israel, however, who is going to receive compensation from various EEC countries, the American taxpayer and, we hope, from Iraq.

There may of course be some political price to pay; but it need not be too heavy. James Baker, the American secretary of state, having throughout the Gulf War rejected any "linkage" between Kuwait and the West Bank, is now pressing us to at least discuss its occupation at a regional conference. Fortunately he has, as a reward for our good behaviour, dropped the idea of inviting the PLO or anyone else representing the Palestinian refugees we expelled in 1948. He also does not seem terribly insistent on a Palestinian state for those we conquered in 1967.

All in all, Mr Baker's idea could end up fitting that of our increasingly popular prime minister Yitzhak Shamir, who believes in offering the Arabs "peace for peace".

We know we shall have to propose some concession and we know just the thing: autonomy. It is tried and proven. After all, we already committed ourselves once before, in the Camp David agreements, to granting autonomy to those we call "the Arabs of Judea and Samaria". Three weeks after signing the agreements, in June 1982, we invaded Lebanon. In the ensuing melée, the issue disappeared from the international agenda.

Given the precedent, we should have little to fear from an international conference. Our ruling party has ample experience in reneging on agreements, and once it has done so again it will gladly return to its favourite occupation of establishing settlements. It can now even claim to urgently need more land, thanks to having played a nasty trick on Russian Jewry. Knowing full well that 90 percent of Soviet emigrés planned to enter the US, it managed to close that option to them in 1989 with the help of Israel's Washington lobby.

Some of our more selfish brethren are still trying to sneak off elsewhere, this time to Germany; but we know how to handle them. A few weeks ago, our foreign minister, David Levi, visited Bonn with the express purpose of asking German chancellor Helmut Kohl to change his country's over-generous entry policy towards Russian Jews.

Mr Kohl, who knows his image often depends on us, promptly started to clamp down on Jewish residence applications. True, Germany's small and ageing Jewish community is rather upset, having hoped to rebuild its once fabled prestige with an influx of young professionals; but we can't let this stop us. We need the immigrants more than anyone else. Without them, how can we perpetuate what we have worked so hard to create in the West Bank and Gaza Strip — the only non-Arab dictatorship in the Middle East?

TRUE STORIES

CHRISTOPHER LOGUE Illuminated by BERT KITCHEN

ANGERED by defeat, the Bee-Bees, the fans of an all-women Nigerian football eleven, demanded that the Benin Mothers, who had beaten them 8-0, remove their shirts before leaving the field to prove that they were, in fact, women.

"My team were outraged by this slur," said Mrs Louisa Akagwu, the Bee-Bees' striker, "and before anyone could say a word they all pulled down their shorts and pointed their bottoms at the record crowd."

"Police had to escort the Mothers to their coaches," said Inspector Okwawu Zumata of the Bothway police. "But I understand the concern of the crowd because after a recent championship three players of the Okeoke Basketballers were found to be men wearing false breasts."

ANNOUNCING the death of Miss Emmett from hypothermia after she had fallen into a lake, the Westonbirt Newsletter went on to say that in due course a garden seat will be purchased by the school in her memory.

SENTENCING Mr Thruma Medang to nine months' imprisonment and a fine of 850,000 rupiah, District Court Judge Adil Hapni said:

"You are a fraud who has encouraged fraud. To the students of our country [Indonesia] you have sold over 250,000 magic pencils which you claimed would automatically produce correct answers to the university examination papers provided they were used to write the answers. Even the parents became involved, and many paid thousands of US dollars for the writing instruments supposedly loaded with a radio core that broadcast to the university's computer terminal and corrected wrong answers."

ON HIS speech of acceptance, Dr P.S Parishia, of Hawaii's East-West Information Center, said that he was inspired to write his prize-winning book on Traffic Accidents Throughout The World by the example of his grandfather, Dr J.R. Orissa-Parishia, who at the age of 104 was arrested for driving his son Dr T.M. Orissa's BMW at over 170 mph "up a mountain road".

"HIS BEING a dog-lover caused us to sent Constable Trevor Garrard to detain 'Roscoe', the 12-stone rottweiler that according to reports was bounding about the gardens of the Rayleigh Estate," said an Essex police spokesman.

"When the back-up squad arrived to see what happened, they found that, having lured Roscoe into the back seat of his vehicle, as soon as Constable Garrard turned the ignition key the dog growled loudly, then at the second attempt moved into the front passenger seat, and at the third attempt growled the constable out from behind the wheel.

"Fearing further action, Constable Garrard closed the driver's door, and that was the position when help arrived."

"I ADMIT our attempt to introduce an Easter Santa has gone wrong," said Emily Driver, the promotions officer of the Great Challenge Superstore, Grange Hall Bay, California.

"When our Easter Santa arrived outside the store in an Egg-Sleigh, one passer-by went for him with a golf club and the children who had been lined up for his visit all began to boo, to cry, or to run away.

"But we are not giving in and will be thinking of new ways to promote the Santa concept."

INFORMATION: The Nigeria Punch 20.2.91; Westonbirt Association Newsletter 1991; Yorkshire Post 15.2.91; Times of India 15.11.90; Yorkshire Post 12.2.91; Bodego Bay Navigator 2.3.91.

MONITORS: Jill Heisler, Anon, R.E. Howard-Vyse, Edward Pond, Janet Binns, Mr & Mrs Reg Green.

26 April 1991 ● **THE SUNDAY TIMES**

TOP TEN BORES

This Week		Last Week	Weeks On List
1	Lynda Chalker	–	–
2	Douglas Hogg	2	27
3	Dr Anthony Clare	7	337
4	Trevor Nunn	5	78
5	Anneka Rice	8	133
6	Michael Ignatieff	9	785
7	Judge Pickles	6	27
8	TV's Charles Moore	1	786
9	Edward Pearce	10	39
10	Jeremy Isaacs	4	210

The Top Ten Bores was compiled with the help of *Esquire* Magazine and National Crime Prevention Week

CITY NEWS *Thursday*

Mr Robert Maxwell initiates the flotation of MGN

Thatcher Foundation in trouble

by Our Political Staff
A.N. Watneys

FRIENDS of Mark Thatcher are increasingly worried about the way in which Mrs Thatcher (the mother of the former racing driver and failed accountant) is interfering in the running of the Thatcher Foundation.

This charity was set up to enable Mark Thatcher to fly round the world meeting VIPs and having his picture taken. Mrs Thatcher is now, however, being seen as "upstaging" Mark. Said one source: "Mrs Thatcher is even trying to pretend that she is a friend of George Bush, and referred to him as George when she has only met him 179 times." The source concluded: "If Mrs Thatcher continues in this vein it is unlikely that Mark Thatcher will ever make a comeback."

TV HIGHLIGHTS

BAD

A special Channel 4 season of programmes that should never have been shown.

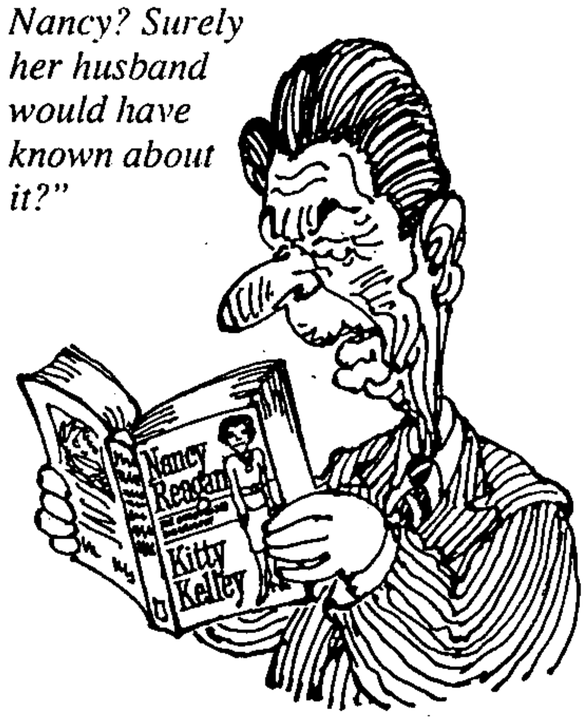
SCAB!

The explosive controversial play based on the 1973 Light Bulb Strike when 75 employees of the Gateshead Light Bulb Co. were locked out by the management. The tragedy unfolds with startling realism as the SAS parachute into the office of NULBO and blow it up killing the whole executive.
Director Ken Trott.

VANKOFF

The Czechoslovakian masterpiece directed by Steven Jerkoff that examines the cultural and political implications of masturbation in an authoritarian state. The IBA initially took exception to how badly made it was.
(Shurely 'explicit sexual imagery'? Ed.)

"Sinatra and Nancy? Surely her husband would have known about it?"

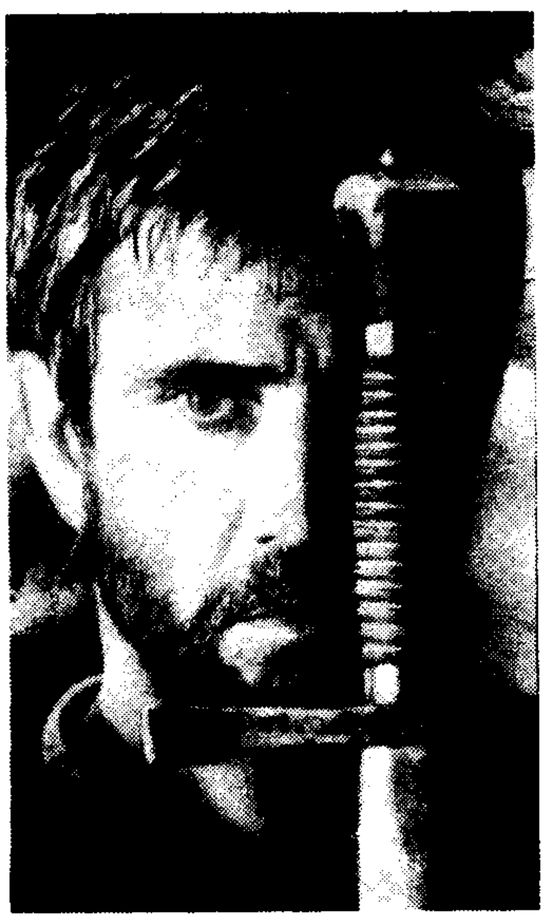


TREACLE TART AND CUSTARD

Dennis Plodder's acclaimed '80s masterpiece which he directed himself about a sex-mad vicar who has a vision of himself as a playwright and conducts an orgy in his parish church under the guise of a rehearsal for a passion play. BBC management originally decided that direction, writing and performances were so bad it could not be shown.

(That's enough season. Ed.)

GLENDA SLAGG



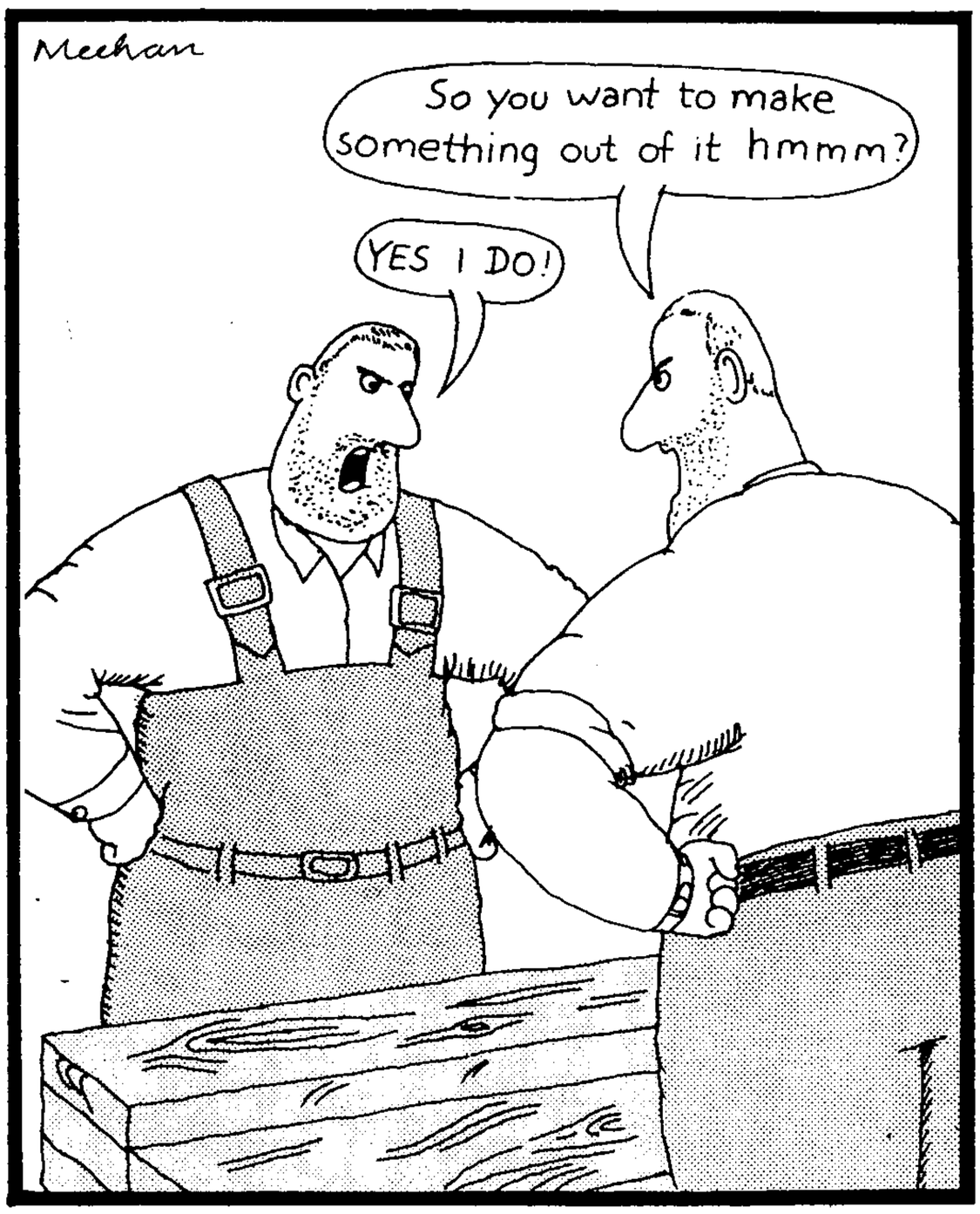
M-E-L spells SEX!!!

Yes! He's the world's most muncheous man — Mel Calman, I'm talkin' about Mister! With his beard and his daily cartoon in *The Times*, I say I must have had too much to drink at lunch.

Here they are — Glenda's Magnificent Macho Mels:

- **Mel Smith**
- **Mel Brooks**
- **Mel Bragg**
- **Er...**
- **Peach Mel...**

(You're fired. Ed.)



Very aggressive DIY enthusiasts

The Secret DIARY OF JOHN MAJOR aged 47¾

Monday

I really am beginning to get very considerably annoyed by Mrs Thatcher. She has been in America again, telling everyone that my government is a "B team". Well, all I can say is who appointed all of us in the first place? Oh yes, she has a lot to answer for! This is the kind of thing that I will have to say to her when we have our big show-down, which will be when a suitable moment arises. She is not the only one who is being rude about me in front of my back. The Young Conservatives are saying that I am a ditherer and that I cannot make up my mind about anything. It is very hard to know what to reply.

Tuesday

Who are this Bruges Group who are in the papers criticising me? I have looked up Bruges on my map and it is in Belgium, which is nowhere near Iraq, let alone Oxford, which is where they all seem to come from. Mr Hurd tells me that it is run by a man called Professor Norma Stone, which only goes to prove what I said to Sue Lawley, or was it that very funny DJ on Radio One — just because you are a professor and have passed a lot of exams, it doesn't mean to say you know anything. Anyway, they say Mr Bush and I are not doing anything about the Kurds. How do they know this? It was meant to be top-secret.

Wednesday

I have had a brilliant idea in the middle of the night. We must do something about the Kurds! I told my wife Norman my brilliant idea at breakfast time. "But what will you do?" she asked. How typical of a woman to pour cold water and nitpick. I told her that it was for other people to work out the details. The prime minister's job is to have the Grand Vision, like Mrs Thatcher used to do. After breakfast we had a cabinet meeting when I announced my brilliant bombshell.They were so stunned that they all sat silently for a considerable period of seconds. Then Chris said, "That's all very brilliant, John, but what can we do?"

"Honestly, Chris, you're worse than my wife," I said. "I've done the hard work — surely you lot, with all your O-levels, can work out some safe place for them to go to." I can be pretty fierce when I choose to be! So they all put their heads together and came up with the idea that all the Kurds should go to Iraq which is where they used to live before we won the war, but only in places where they would be safe. These would be called "safe havens", which funnily enough was the name of my first bank manager's house in Haywards Heath (Mr Kimbolton).

I was so excited that after the meeting I rang up President Bush on the special phone we have. Unfortunately, it was in the middle of the night in America, and he was asleep, so I left my plan about the safe havens on his answering machine.

When I had gone to sleep that night Mr Bush returned my call to say that it wasn't my job to go round having ideas, and he would let me know if and when we needed to do anything about the Kurds. Sometimes he can be almost as fierce as I can!

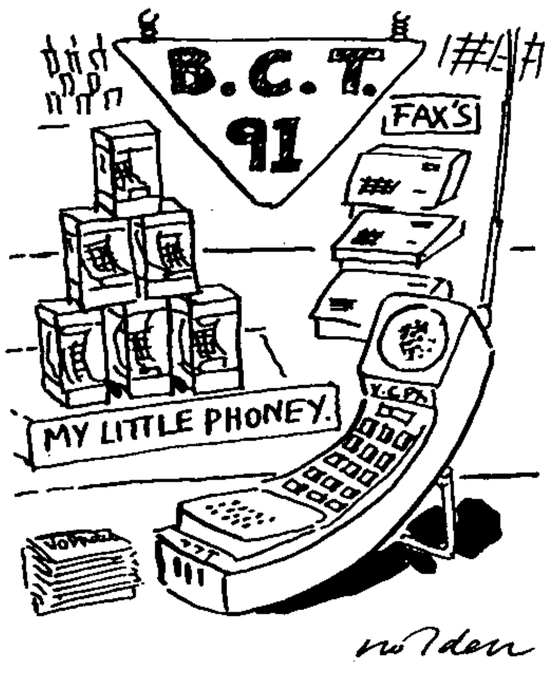
Thursday

This morning we had another cabinet meeting, and to my surprise no one mentioned my idea about the Kurds. Instead Norma Lamont said that if we wanted to win the next election, easily the best votewinner would be a new act to give more freedom for landlords to evict unsuitable tenants.

I listened to what Norma had to say with considerable interest, but for some reason all the others began to titter. Eventually my friend Chris said: "Stop dominating the meeting, Norma." "Correction," said David Mellor, amid the laughter. At this Norma got very red in the face and said it was no laughing matter what some poor landlords had to put up with these days. "I suppose you'll be demanding a three-line whip on this one," said Chris with a snigger. I had no idea what they were all on about. I am not surprised that some people call them the B team! "Gentlemen!" I said, calling them to order. "Can we get back to something really important, like the poll tax?" Everyone yawned, except Mr Heseltine, who began to give us his proposals for replacing the community charge. "I've got a complete package of preferred options fully worked out," he said, producing an old envelope with lots of small writing on it in pencil. "However, I am not yet at liberty to reveal what they are, at this moment in time." "Oh yes you are, Michael," said Chris, as he seized the envelope, and announced: "Gentlemen, we are apparently to replace the poll tax with chocolates for wife, take suit to cleaners and hair gel."

Friday

Today I had a very exciting trip to Birmingham, where they were having a special exhibition called "Business Communication Tools '91". When I got there they gave me a special pen-holder with three biros in the shape of cricket stumps. Someone must have told them that I



was interested in cricket. And biros! Mr O'Donnell had decided that I should be photographed holding one of the new Vodacell PX177T phones, which has a range of over 3,000 miles. This was fortunate as at that very moment in time the phone began to ring, and guess who it was — Mr Bush from Washington. He said: "John boy, I've had a great idea about the Kurds. We're gonna find somewhere where these people can be truly safe. We've even gotta name — 'safe havens'. Pretty good, huh? I know I'm going to have your full support on this one, John baby. Enjoy." To be considerably honest, I did not enjoy the rest of my day in the smallest degree.

Monday

I am still to a significant degree annoyed with people going on about my 'O' levels. What could be less relevant and more snobbish than going on and on about someone's 'O' levels? Norman is being very supportive about this and I overheard her on the telephone telling the newspapers to stop all the 'O' level stuff. "You're making him ill," she said. "He won't last much longer if you carry on like this."

Later a very pleasant and agreeable doctor came round, who told me that on the contrary I was looking very well. He is a quite exceptionally perceptive man (called Owen or something similar) and he said that he admired everything I had done.

I immediately offered him a job. The doctor said he would think about it but when I told my friend Chris about this he was amazed.

"Did you ask him to examine your head?" he asked.

On occasion Chris can be quite dense. Sometimes I wonder how he got any 'O' levels at all.

POETRY CORNER

In Memoriam
Sir David Lean

So. Farewell
Then
David Lean,

Famous film
Director.

You made *Brief*
Encounter, Lawrence of
Arabia,
And *Dr Zhivago*.

"Action!"
That was your
Catchphrase.

But now
The Great Director
Has said
"Cut!"

E.J. Thribb (17½)

YOU report (March 24) that I was held for 24 hours by Munich police after a rally there last April. In fact I was held for only a couple of hours, largely taken up by police officials asking me to autograph books.

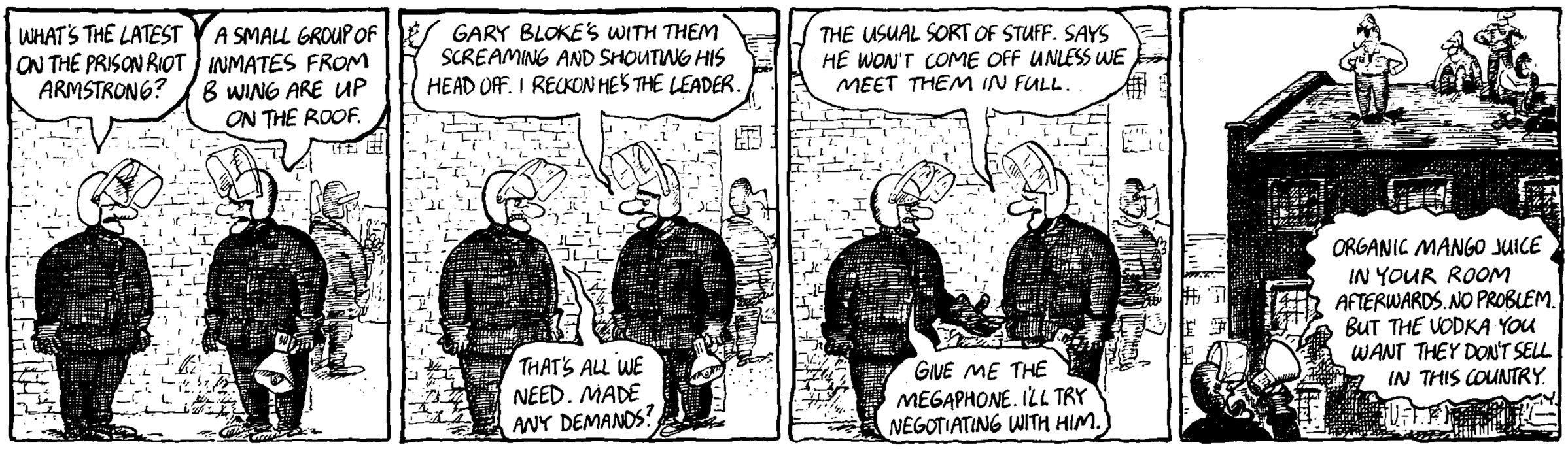
Letter from David Irving
Sunday Telegraph

Great Bores Of Today.

"... I can't hang about my car's outside and they've clamped one further up the road they're absolute cowboys the people who do it nowadays they're on commission apparently it's a fiver per clamp so obviously they're trying to do as many as they can I read last week they did an ambulance whilst they were inside delivering a baby and then they did this invalid who was outside the chemist picking up a prescription honestly it happened to me a couple of weeks ago I was on a meter and I was literally five minutes over and there was the clamp you have to get a cab up to the office pay the fine which is a fortune take a cab back and then you have to wait for them to arrive I know people who've been sitting in the car for hours you could be there till midnight easily and how does that help the traffic flow? it doesn't obviously it just clogs up the whole system it's totally pointless isn't it? I must go I'm parked in a bus lane..."

Celeb

LIGGER


WHAT'S THE LATEST ON THE PRISON RIOT ARMSTRONG?
A SMALL GROUP OF INMATES FROM B WING ARE UP ON THE ROOF.
GARY BLOKE'S WITH THEM SCREAMING AND SHOUTING HIS HEAD OFF. I RECKON HE'S THE LEADER.
THAT'S ALL WE NEED. MADE ANY DEMANDS?
THE USUAL SORT OF STUFF. SAYS HE WON'T COME OFF UNLESS WE MEET THEM IN FULL.
GIVE ME THE MEGAPHONE. I'LL TRY NEGOTIATING WITH HIM.
ORGANIC MANGO JUICE IN YOUR ROOM AFTERWARDS. NO PROBLEM. BUT THE VODKA YOU WANT THEY DON'T SELL IN THIS COUNTRY.

HEIR OF SORROWS

BY

SYLVIE KRIN

THE STORY SO FAR: Charles has been distressed by renewed press reports about his marriage, leaked by a former royal policeman.

Now read on...

"IT WAS absolutely appalling," Charles began, "and I don't want it to happen again." Charles was sitting at his desk with the tabloid newspapers spread out before him. Opposite stood a stocky police constable, holding his helmet with its brightly polished embonpoint reflecting the sun's faint spring rays that filtered through the ancient leaded windows of Highgrove. *(Get on with it. Ed.)*

"You can see for yourself. Look at this!" Charles disdainfully held up a copy of *Today* with the headline "NO BONKIN' FOR CHAZZO!" in huge type.

"If you were to get this job as our special security guard I would expect total discretion, the highest degree of confidentiality and er... you know... complete secrecy thingie..."

Police Constable Russell Cobb tapped his nose.

"I understand, Sir. We don't want people finding out what we're up to."

Charles shook his head furiously. "No, no, Cobb. You've missed the point completely. Diana and I aren't up to anything."

"I know, Sir. That's what it says in the papers."

Charles reddened with embarrassment, but Cobb continued:

"No. No. Say no more, Sir. I get the picture."

Charles somehow found the man's Gloucestershire brogue immensely reassuring after the vulgar tone of the newspapers.

"The chap we had before, Langdon, was a lunatic. He had some sort of breakdown and started imagining things..."

Charles waved Cobb to a chair, finding himself warming to this avuncular member of the local constabulary.

"Do sit down,. Cobb, and smoke if you wish. Oh no, you can't. Diana's taken all the ashtrays and thrown them away, including a rather nice one made from Black African Rhino horn, a present from Sir Laurens van der Post, which had engraved on the bottom GOOD LUCK FROM THE KALAHARI. That's very true when you think about it, isn't it?"

The policeman smiled.

"Yes indeed, Sir. Very true, Sir. It's one to tell the Missus — or rather not, since we're all keeping mum now."

"Very good, Cobb," Charles said enthusiastically. "Very good. You seem to be picking up the idea. This other chap before you, he had hallucinations you know, he thought Diana and I were rowing all the time. "IT'S A RIGHT ROYAL DING-DONG!" it said in the *Daily Telegraph*. Imagine it, Cobb! Do I look like the sort of chap to go in for that sort of thing?"

"Oh no, Sir. Sounds like he was off his head, Sir. They're under a lot of stress, these youngsters in the force today."

"Yes, Cobb! Stress! Stress is terribly important nowadays. I use a form of Tantric meditation myself. Two hours alone in the garden every day in the Geldof position. It makes me feel sort of at peace with everything. You can't have rows if you're as it were in tune with all the auras hovering everywhere."

They were interrupted by the sound of the door opening to reveal a clearly furious Diana.

"Where's my MC Hammer tape that was in the car?"

Charles stood between her and the policeman.

"I don't know what you're talking about, Diana. I'm actually rather busy as it happens."

Diana shook her hair angrily and gave a sulky pout.

"It was in the glove compartment with your dreary Betty Shine Relaxation Course cassette. I asked you specifically not to touch it."

Charles moved towards her with a restraining arm.

"Darling, could we talk about this later? It's just that there are things I have to do."

"I'll tell you what you have to do, Charles, and that's find that bloody tape!"

For the first time she noticed the policeman.

"And who are you?"

Charles quickly intervened.

"This is PC Russell Cobb. I'm interviewing him for the security job."

"*You're* interviewing him? *You're* interviewing him?" Diana's tone was incredulous.

"Don't *I* live here? Don't *I* need security? You're not even here half the time, with your silly painting holidays and your fishing trips, and even when you *are* here you're no fun to be with... on the phone all day to dullso Dr Barkworth and Laurens van der Bore..."

Charles ushered the protesting Diana out of the door with some difficulty, and turned to the policeman.

"You start at once, Russell Cobb. We'll sort out the details later."

In the long echoing corridor beneath the portraits of the Royal corgis through the ages (including a fine study of Hussey the Corgi Laureate at the Court of Queen Anne by Rolfo di Stoddi), the discussion continued.

"Honestly, Diana!" he hissed with suppressed rage. "In front of the servants! Didn't your ghastly mother teach you anything at all?"

He had barely finished when he felt a stinging slap on his cheek, and Diana turned on her heel and was gone.

Charles struggled to regain his composure. It would not do to show his new employee, a man he instinctively trusted, that he could not control his emotions. How had Mrs Shine put it in her chapter on The Harnessing of Moon Energy?

"When you wake up in the morning, say to yourself: 'I feel good!' "

"Yes," Charles said to his reflection in the ornate 17th-century Badalamenti mirror, "I feel good."

He opened the door to his study to find PC Cobb crouched over the desk with his back to Charles, whispering into the telephone,.

"They were at it like cats and dogs... She says 'Where's my bloody tape?' and he says he's busy, then she clocks him one... I heard it through the door. Don't put my name in, obviously... but now I'm here I'll get you loads of stuff..."

(To be continued)

Stop calling Major a twit now

says Norman Tebbit

THE Tory Party is in danger of tearing itself apart. And what is the so-called issue which is tempting so many of my fellow Conservatives to commit electoral suicide?

I will tell you. It is the leadership of our duly elected Prime Minister, Mr John Major. Well I say this.

Let's stop all this bickering and snickering now. Nothing at all is gained by speeches, television interviews and newspaper articles in the *Evening Standard* calling our Prime Minister dull, boring, colourless, incompetent, dithering, blithering, blathering, blethering *(Get on with it, Ed)* and unable to govern his way out of a paper bag.

So what if John Major is unable to make up his mind about anything? Does it really matter that he is the most useless prime minister we've ever had?

No. Nothing whatsoever is gained by pointing this out. Responsible members of the party should put an immediate veto on any further speeches suggesting that John Major is nothing but a C-stream prime minister in charge of a D-team cabinet.

OK, so he's not a patch on Mrs Thatcher. But what is the point of saying so when a general election may be only weeks away?

Isn't it time we all grew up? As an ex-chairman of the party, I call on all loyal Conservatives to give their one hundred per cent backing to this useless twit.

© *Evening Standard Why-Oh-Why*

Top Tory denies Mrs Whiplash allegations

by Our Political Staff
Alan Watneys

JOHN MAJOR today admitted that he had taken over as his London residence a house previously occupied by a well-known specialist in Domination services.

However, he claimed that he now had nothing to do with her and that suggestions that she "manipulated" him behind the lace curtains of the Downing Street Love Parlour were totally unfounded.

"She is not cracking the whip any more," he said, "and anyone who suggests that she is will hear from my solicitor, Mr Peter Carter-Fuck."

The woman in question, known as "The Governess", denied being involved in "correction".

She said: "I only give advice. I am a therapist and a privy counsellor. I do not engage in discipline."

Nevertheless, neighbours testify that during her tenancy men were regularly seen going in and out of the house — including a number of elderly lawyers.

Mrs Thatcher is 78.

FAMOUS MEN!

Now at last you can protect yourselves from unwanted tribute misery with the fabulous

NOBITCARD™

Simply cut out this card and keep it in your wallet at all times. When you die, everyone will immediately know who you do not want to appear on *The Late Show* talking about you.

NOBITCARD

I hereby declare that in the event of my death I do not wish the following to pay tribute to me on TV, radio or in the press. *(Tick boxes as appropriate)*

- ❑ Michael Winner
- ❑ Melvyn Barg
- ❑ Anthony Burgess
- ❑ Harold Pinter
- ❑ Piers Paul Read
- ❑ Anthony Burgess

Signed . . . . . .

NEW Radio Times

Films

Monday 9.00 pm BBC

Oscar The Bean Goes Fishing

(1979, Technicolor)

Outstanding Disney classic where Oscar the Bean goes fishing. Hilarious performances by Rudi van Glint and Kirstie St Marie as the two children who befriend Oscar. Breathtaking Toronto scenery completes the fabulous family entertainment.

★ ★ ★ ★

Monday 9.00 pm ITV

Casablanca

(1942 black and white)

Dreary war pic. Unconvincing romance by Hollywood B-feature performers Humphrey Bogart and Ingrid Bergman. Silly plot with no memorable lines.

★

Wednesday 8.00 pm BBC

Wilbur and Speed

(made-for-TV, 1978)

Fabulous full-length pilot for what would have been long-running classic police series. John K. Zilch stars as undercover agent Wilbur, ably assisted by Diana Sheraton as Police Sergeant Speed. Breathtaking views of downtown Los Angeles. Watch out for the unforgettable car chase lasting most of the film.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Wednesday 8.00 pm ITV

Gone With The Wind

(1939, Pitman Color)

Silly American Civil War movie. Far too long, with no plot and two-dimensional characters. Dull performances by stars who should have known better. Yawn.

★

Wednesday 10.00 pm BBC

Boogies

(1988)

The Spielberg studio's most famous film and its most memorable. British TV premiere for this classic tale of small town America beset by the Boogies, strange creatures who turn nasty when they come into contact with peanut butter. Hilarious cameos by Tinseltown veterans Aaron Snooder Snr and Daisy O'Connor as Pa and Ma. The effects are truly magical.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Wednesday 10.00pm ITV

E.T.

(1982)

Spielberg at his worst. Sickly, over-sentimental fable about silly extra-terrestrial. One to skip.

★

Saturday 8.30 pm BBC

Strike Lucky!

(1985)

Definitive baseball classic directed by Sidney Yoland. Ex-pro Harvey McRourke overcomes his drink problem and coaches a team of multi-racial orphans in the New Dworkin Little League championship. Will they win? Nail-biting, heart-stopping, wonderful and warm. A must for all the family. Whatever you do, don't miss it and don't turn over to ITV.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Saturday 8.30 pm ITV

The Magnificent Seven

(1960)

Silly cowboy film with uncatchy theme tune. Ridiculous plot, lifeless characters and no action. Cast of unknowns. Turn back to BBC at once.

Reprinted from the BBC's Radio Times
"If It's On, It's Terrible!"

The Montana Story, 1963 (Sunday, BBC1 6.00pm). Just brilliant. What more can we say?

"Bride or groom?"

Zoo closure 'a catastrophe' architects warn

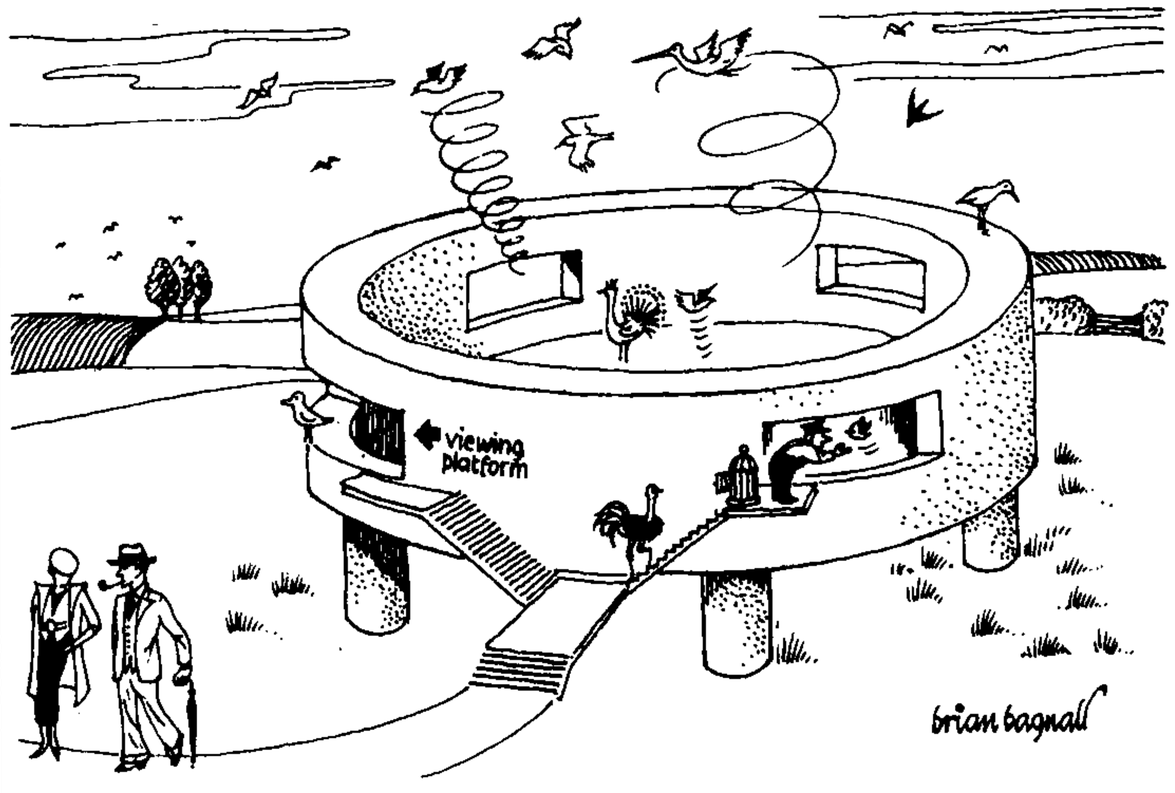
by Our Zoo Staff
Sir Gawaine Stamp

SOME of the greatest architectural treasures of the 20th century are threatened by the planned closure of the London Zoo.

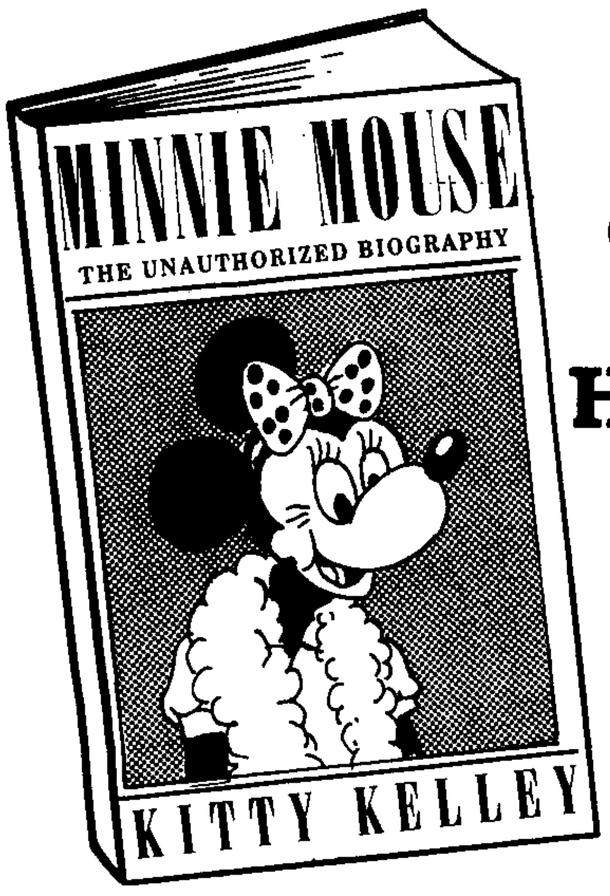
They include the universally admired "Lion Tank", designed in the 1930s by the distinguished Russian-born architect Vassily Yentobovitch, the so-called "Father of Concrete".

Generations of architectural students have been taught to revere the breathtaking simplicity and austere lines of Yentobovitch's dazzling structure in prestressed concrete, which was regarded as the forerunner of many of the world's greatest modern buildings.

Regrettably, the "Lion Tank" was never occupied, as it was discovered that lions could not, unfortunately, survive under water.

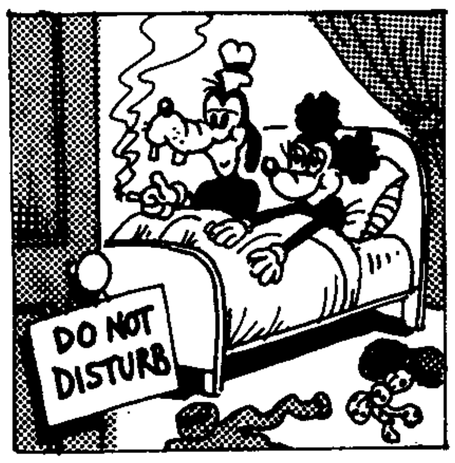


Yentobovitch's 1938 plan for his revolutionary "topless" aviary, now listed Grade One



Kitty Kelley dishes the dirt on Hollywood's Golden Couple!

The amazing revelations that have shocked America are now serialised exclusively in Private Eye.



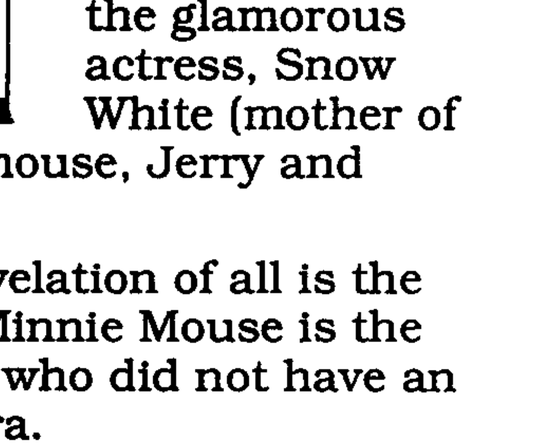
■ MICKEY and Minnie were not, as widely believed, happily married. Minnie had a long-running affair with Mickey's fellow Hollywood actor, Goofy.

■ MINNIE consistently lied about her age. Since 1927 she has claimed to be 15 years old.

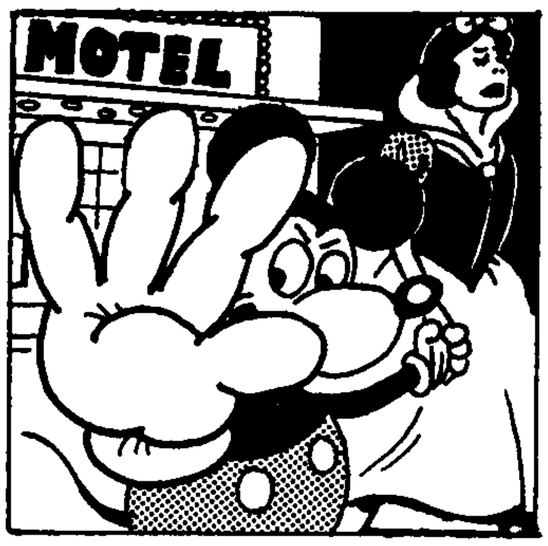
■ MINNIE's real father was not a highly-bred mouse engaged in laboratory research, but a common-or-garden household rodent.

■ AT A Hollywood showbiz party, Mickey and Minnie took dream-inducing cheese of a particularly hard variety.

■ MINNIE was known as "Mrs Mouse", the real power behind the skirting board. She fired one of Mickey's closest aides, Donald Regan (*shurely "Duck"? Ed*) because he once disagreed with her.



■ MINNIE spent millions of dollars refurbishing the White Hole, yet to her family she was known as "Meanie Mouse".



■ MINNIE pursued Mickey ruthlessly after they appeared together in *Little Mouse Muffet*" (1928). This was despite his involvement with the glamorous actress, Snow White (mother of their children, Dangermouse, Jerry and Speedy Gonzalez).

■ BUT THE greatest revelation of all is the shock disclosure that Minnie Mouse is the only person in America who did not have an affair with Frank Sinatra.

Publisher's Note:

Ex-President Mouse has denied all the allegations in Ms Kelley's book. "It's filth, lies and trash," he said, "particularly the bit about Frank Sinatra."

Kinnock unveils Labour's blueprint for the 90s

by Our Political Staff **Lunchtime O'Levels**

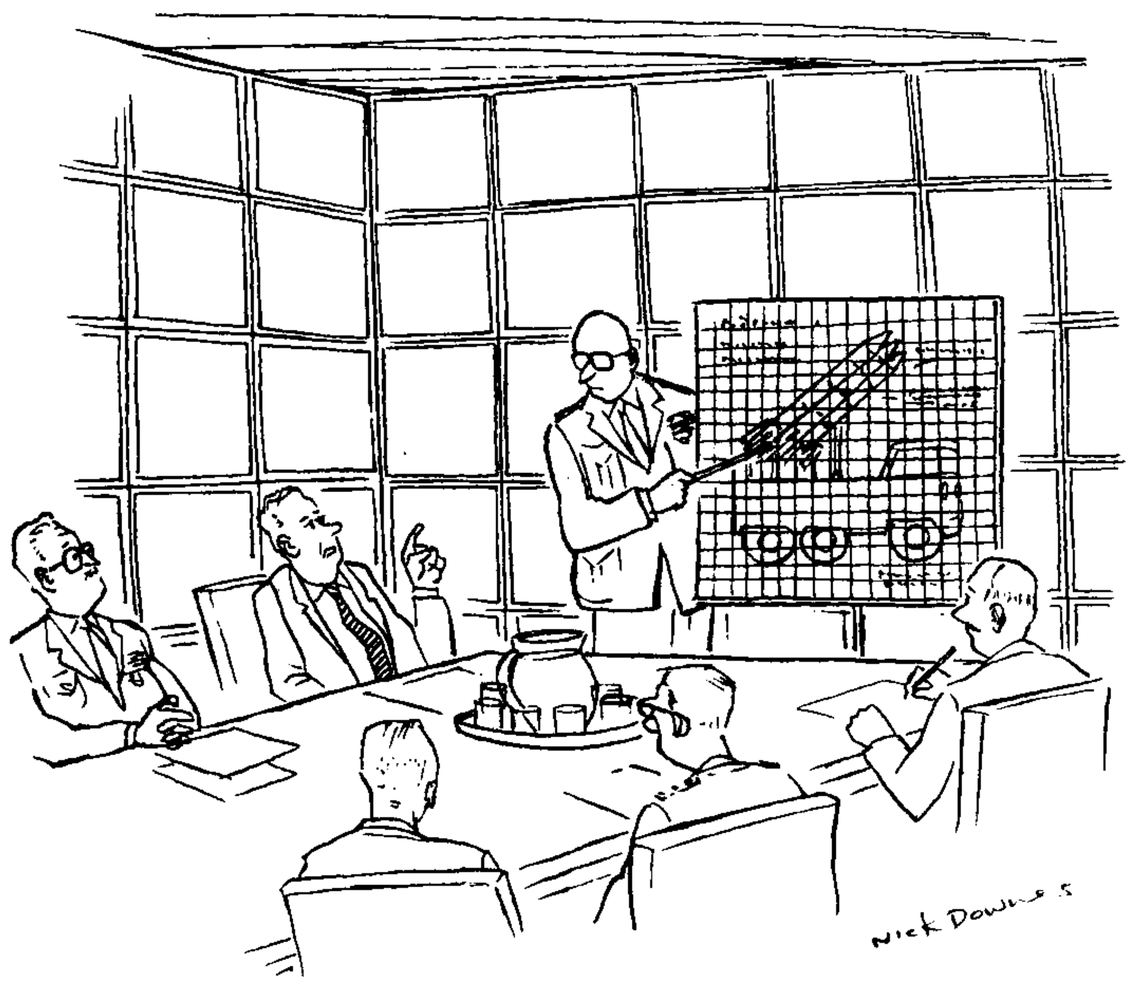
THE political world was rocked to its foundations yesterday when Neil Kinnock's new-look Labour Party introduced the policies that will lead to a "cleaner, fairer, safer Britain".

In one 80,000 policy document, *Towards A Possible Labour Victory Sometime Before The End Of The Century*, the Labour Party is pledged to:

- **better schools**
- **an improved health service**
- **an end to the poll tax**
- **a fairer tax system**
- **a strong nuclear defence**
- **improved public services, including transport**
- **curbs on pollution**
- **lots of women in the group photograph**
- **more trifle for Mr Hattersley, please, waiter, and could we have the bill?**

ON OTHER PAGES

Why Oh Why Would Anyone Vote For This Loony Left Package Which Would Make Scargill The Puppetmaster Of Smiling Kinnock's Secret Stalinist Takeover? writes **Paul Johnson** p.6



"What would be its overall effectivesness against, say, the Anti-Christ?"

NEW FROM GNOME!

THE LYN BARBIE DOLL

So Lifelike It's Really Appalling!

This plastic dolly merely has to be wound up and she will

- **ask intimate questions about your sex life**
- **write down whatever you say in a little notebook**
- **make something else up instead**
- **give lifelike cackle**
- **collect huge cheque from red-faced man (A. Whittam-Strobes)**

Comes with complete range of outfits and accessories, including

- **silly voice**
- **black hair**
- **red face**

From the makers of Sindy Doll, Glover Puppets and other toys

GNOME

Apology from President George Bush and Others

Over the past few weeks we have made a number of statements which may have indicated that we regarded it as a matter of the highest international principle that we should not in any way interfere in the internal affairs of the sovereign state of Iraq. We may further have given the impression that what happened in Iraq after our tremendous and total victory in the recent Gulf War *[pause for standing ovation]* was absolutely no concern of the outside world, and that it was entirely up to the democratically unelected government of Mr Hussein to do whatsoever might be deemed appropriate to settle the internal affairs of that great country.

We now accept that, following the unfortunate pictures of a lot of dying Kurds on television, and in the light of the widespread suggestion that somehow this unspeakable and genocidal holocaust was our fault, armed military intervention by ourselves would in no sense constitute interference in the internal affairs of Iraq. On the contrary, sending our boys in to sort out the mess would simply be a humanitarian gesture in complete accordance with UN Resolutions 678, 688, 698 and 702 (omitting verses three and four).

We apologise to Mr Saddam Hussein for any misunderstanding that may have arisen with regard to this one, and we regret any inconvenience that may be caused by our invasion of his country.

A Yellow Cab Driver writes

Every week a well-known President's wife is asked to comment on an issue of topical importance.

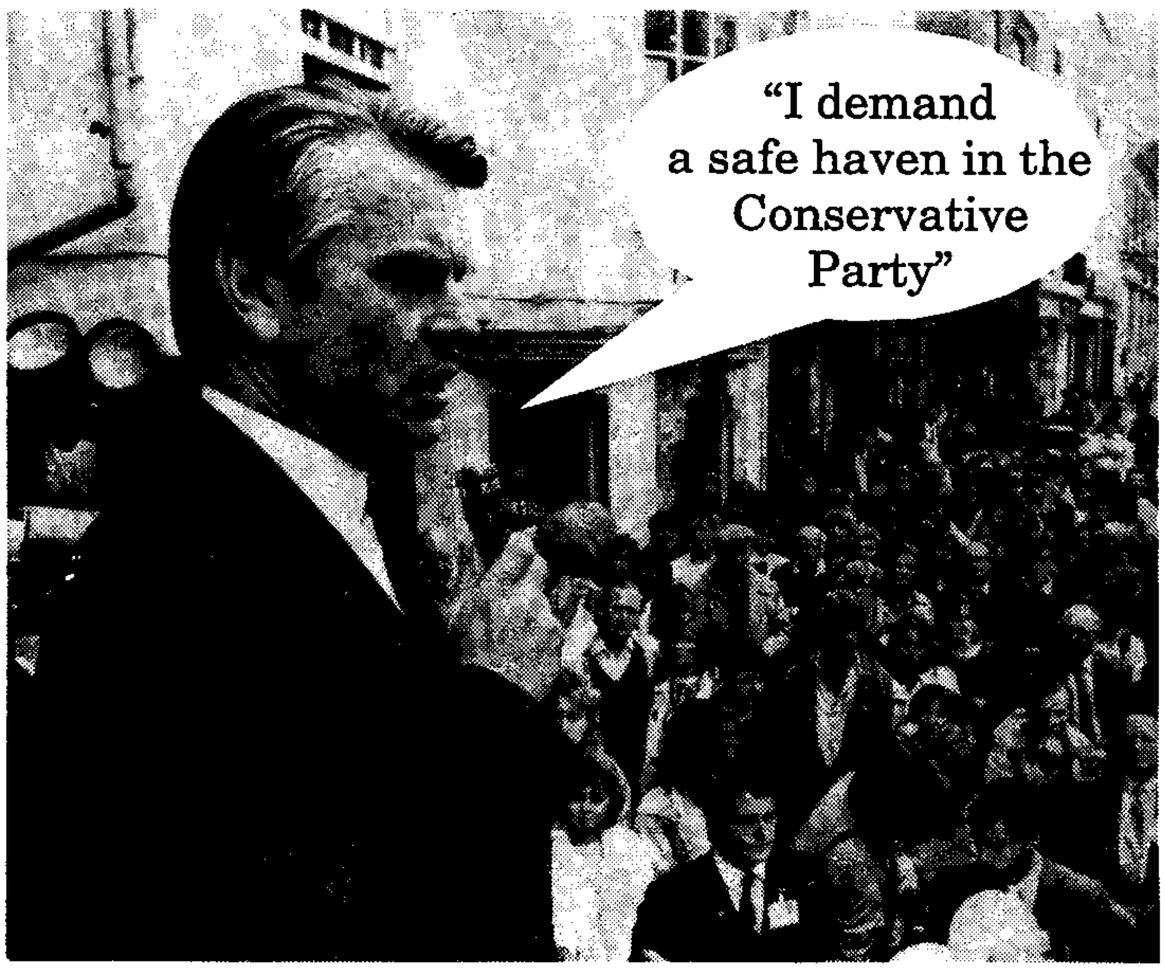
This week, "Babs" Bush (cab no. 737217) on Saddam Hussein and the question of war crimes.

Listen, bud, you wanna know what I think about Saddam Hussein? Let me tell ya, the guy's a nut!

You know what I'd do with him if I were the President? String 'im up! It's the only language these murderin' fruitcakes understand!

I had that George Bush in the back of the cab once. What a wimp!

NEXT WEEK: "Nance" Reagan (no. 17132) on Trends in Contemporary Biographical Methodology.



Counsel's Opinion

From Sir Hartley Redface QC
6 Old Pump Court
Temple EC4

Major and Others v. Hussein, S.

1. Your clients have asked for counsel's opinion with regard to the possible prosecution of Mr Saddam Hussein of The Lower Bunker, Baghdad, for a number of war crimes, including genocide.

2. I must advise that cases of this nature are very difficult to promulgate, with the standard precedents of Allies v. Himmler and Others (1945) and Free World v. Pol Pot (never brought to trial) being at variance in respect of their outcome.

3. The law itself is unclear on this. I draw your attention to KB7361 (VIII) and the judgement of Lord Denning in the case of Allies v. Bonaparte, N. (1814): "The law, in my opinion, is very clear. Mr Napoleon is a very wicked gentleman, and a foreigner to boot. He has perpetrated all manner of evil deeds against Englishmen good and true, wheresoever he has encountered them. For which reason, under God, I sentence him to be hung up upon the gibbet on Whitchurch Hill, here in the fair county of Hampshire, until he be pronounced well and truly dead. All are very welcome to come and watch. Refreshments will be provided by the ladies of the village." However, I would remind your clients that Denning, J. was overruled in this matter, and the sentence was commuted to 100 days on the island of Elba.

4. Despite what your clients allege against Mr Hussein, namely that on 2 August last he did knowingly invade Kuwait, and did thereafter proceed to perpetrate various acts of murder, theft, rape, pillage and scandalum magnatum against the citizens of that place, and did subsequently repeat the same acts of tortfeasance against a large number of unnamed Kurds, Shi-ites and sundry other persons. I would remind your clients that the only evidence linking Mr Saddam with these alleged malpleasances consists of hearsay reports, eyewitness accounts and television video films. None of these are admissable as evidence under the Rules of Evidence (see Doctorow v. The Neasden Steam Laundry, 1931; The Ignatieff False Beard Co. v. Much Fun Games Ltd, 1902; and Patel v. Patel, Patel, Patel and Others, 1989).

5. Finally I note that it is the earnest desire of your client, Mr Major, that in the name of world justice Mr Hussein should be brought to book to answer at the bar of world opinion for his alleged offences. I would however remind your client that, as at today's date, the said Mr Hussein is still the leader of an enormous, well-armed fighting force and is ensconced in an impregnable concrete bunker somewhere in central Iraq. We need hardly remind your client that before any case concerning these matters could properly be determined before a court, it would first be necessary to serve upon him a writ for his arrest and for him thereafter to be brought within this jurisdiction by two appointed officers of the court.

Your client may wish to give full and careful consideration to these points before paying our bill in respect of the above opinion, which is in the sum of £8,462,171.39p (plus VAT at 17½ per cent).

Redface

Sir Hartley Redface QC

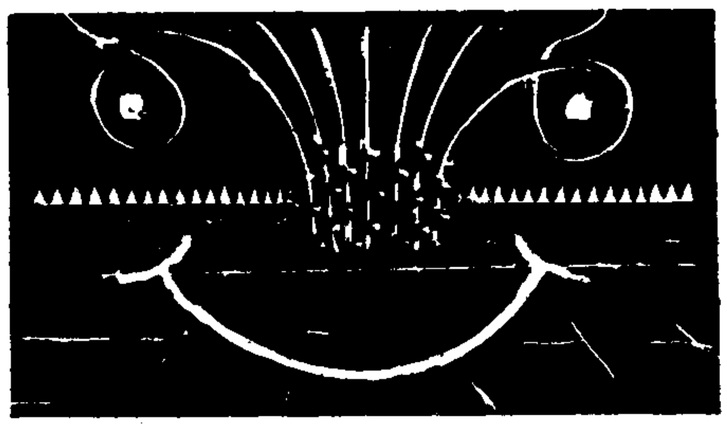
School announcements

St Cake's School

Recession Term begins today. There are 12 boys in the school and one girl. P.L.C. Credit-Squeeze (Lamont's) is Head of Receivers. Since last term the following members of staff have left the school: Mr R.S.J. Natural-Wastage, Mr M.F.I. Voluntary-Redundancy, The Rev E.R.M. Fired, Miss Polly Job-Centre, and several others whose letters are in the post. The following school buildings have been temporarily taken out of service for renovations: the Ernest Saunders Language Laboratories, the Gerald Ronson Craft & Technology Centre, and the Normanstone History Bar *(surely 'library'? Ed)*. Mortgages will not be run this year, but there will be a Sponsored Walk on 23 April to raise funds for the Headmaster's salary. There will be no performance of *Miss Saigon* on 23 June, as advertised, owing to the sale of the Kenneth Branagh Drama Workshop for a new Tesco supermarket. The Old Cakeian Dinner and Dance will be held this year at the John Major Happy Eater, M79 (Exit 32). Term ends next week. We regret that fees cannot be refunded.

"It's my 'Bring back hanging' tie!"

DIARY



GLENYS KINNOCK

It's no telly for you, boyo, till you've finished your sums, I told Neil Tuesday last. He's a *Police Academy* nut, says they're hilarious really, and there was one on the telly. But there's no point treating them with kid gloves, honest there's not, and he had all Mr Smith's workings-out for the proposed new Poll Tax to go over, so I pulled out that plug and I said, *Police Academy* can wait, Mr Smith will be ever so cross if you don't mark his sums, he's spent a lot of time on them has Mr Smith, and feet off the table-doily when I'm speaking to you.

Neil's never been one for the sums, but he loves the telly and he's mad about a good curry. "Make mine a Biryani" he says as I nip to the local third world restaurant, and he works up a right old sweat as soon as it's in his mouth. "Could I do with a lager!" he says, nipping to the frigidaire for a four-pack. "Whoooooaaah, that's better!"

Tuesday last, with the telly off (and not before time!!) Neil gets out his felt-tip and starts ticking Mr Smith's homework. He's five minutes in when he looks up with that butter-wouldn't-melt expression and says, "Glen, love, I could murder a Biryani."

Call me a softie, but off I trot, arriving back duly armed with Biryani for His Nibs. What do you know, no sooner have I placed the Biryani on the arm of the easy-chair than whoops, if Neil doesn't knock the blessed thing all over the soft furnishings, drenching Mr Smith's homework in the process. Talk about clumsy! The next day, the Wednesday, he's been spending running through Mr Smith's sums at a press conference. "Boots off!" I say as he came through the door. "And then tell me how it went."

"Just fabulous," he said. "I thought it was going to take one helluva long time and bore me solid but as luck would have it that Biryani stuck the pages together, so no sooner had I finished the first than I was onto the last! We missed out the in between bits — tax and so forth — but who's bothered, eh, love? Ooh, I could murder a lager!"

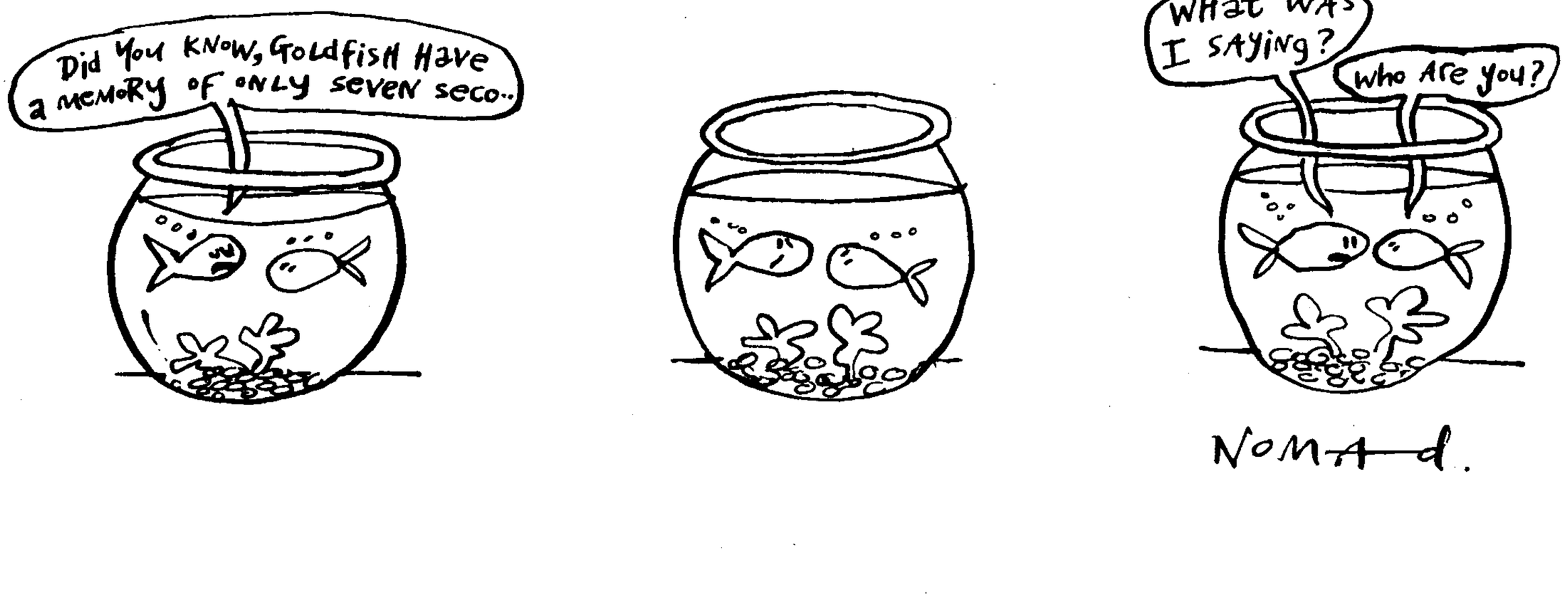
You'll be wanting to know as to our current bedside reading. Neil's nuts about sci-fi, while I prefer more considered works which keep you abreast of latest developments in women's affairs, the third world and the like. I've read all the books from Richard Attenborough's films, many of them twice. At the moment I am reading the lovely, lovely story of Stompy, a little lad who my good friend Winnie Mandela did everything she could to save from death. She tried yelling at him, clubbing him, beating him, dancing around him, the lot, poor love. And now for her pains she is being prosecuted by the fascist regime in South Africa. Makes you think, eh?

Winnie is always turned out immaculate, as neat as a new pin. But don't talk to Neil about personal cleanliness, he doesn't know the meaning of the word! Of course, he's better now than he was. When I first met him he would dress any-old-how. He wore Buddy Holly specs but only for show (we're both still tremendous Buddy fans!), scruffy old winklepickers and a dirty leather jacket, with his hair all slicked back in an Elvis quiff. After an exhausting day at Westminster, he still puts on those old winklepickers and the Buddy Holly specs, and he likes to unwind by playing what I believe is known as "dummy guitar" to old favourites like "Peggy Sue" and "That'll Be The Day". After half-an-hour, I tell him enough is enough and I whisk him to the bath for a thorough spring-clean. "Oh, *Glen*!" he sometimes whines, but I tell him that no-one wants a dirty boy for Prime Minister, look what happened to Michael Foot. "That Gerald Kauffman is always *very* spruce. Don't tell me *he* doesn't give that face of his a good scrub *at least* twice a day. He's that well-polished, you can see your face in his scalp. And don't forget behind those ears," I add. But does he bother? Does he heck!

I suppose you could call me Neil's political conscience in a manner of speaking. Don't get me wrong, Neil's a smashing lad, really smashing, but for all his energy he sometimes forgets what on earth he's up to and that's when he runs to his Glen. Not so very long ago, when that Nigel Lawson had left in a huff and the job of Chancellor seemed to be going begging, Neil said he was thinking of applying for it, it would be quite a step up, didn't I think, what with a Budget of your own, and it would help my credibility and that. "But *Neil*!" I said to him. "It's a *Conservative* Chancellor they're after, and you're *Labour*! You stand for the *working people* of this country!" "Well," said he. "Businessmen work too, and often very long hours. They need someone to argue their corner, poor loves." "Off to your bath!" said I. "And not another word!" Result? Application never posted!

Let no one tell me that Neil Kinnock is not a man of principle. We're both still passionately engaging with the same values we fought for when we were first courting. Disarmament, for example. We were both very pro unilateral disarmament, and nowadays we're by no means against it, given the right circumstances, and as long as everyone else does it at roughly the same time. Ditto nationalisation, which we've always felt strongly about. The nitpickers — and there are *always* nitpickers — might say that we were once strongly for it, and we're now strongly *against* it, but let's face it the important thing is that we care one way or the other, which we do, though, frankly, it's hardly worth getting hot under the collar about it either way.

Improve your wordpower: a lot of lovely folk have written in to ask me how Neil gained his tremendous grasp of language. It might surprise them to know that my teaching is by no means confined to the tiny tots! Every day before Neil goes to work, I sit him down, pick up the Family Thesaurus and say a long word like "thoroughly" to which he replies, "Thoroughly completely, absolutely, wholly, unqualifiedly, utterly, totally," and then I give him his biscuits and squash and send him off with a kiss. Come 3, I make myself comfy in front of the telly and watch him condemn the government's latest initiative "completely, absolutely, wholly, unqualifiedly, utterly and totally". It's then that I allow myself a quiet smile. "Glenys," I say, "Glenys, love, there's a man who knows his own mind!"



Literary Review

Wither the C of E?

The New Archbishop Speaks
George Carey
(Lion paperback, £2.99)

Free To Believe
David Jenkins & Rebecca Jenkins
(BBC Books, £12.95)

IN THE beginning was the Word? Not with these two it wasn't, not by a long chalk. Both their books are shocking — not because of the opinions they express, but because of the dullness and ineptitude with which they are written.

To anyone unused to reading the publications of Church of England men, it comes as a revelation — the wrong kind of revelation. Suddenly you see why Anglicanism is in such decline. George Carey is a suitable leader of this church; his book presenting "the heart of his thinking on key issues of faith and life" consists of short chapters on the obvious topics, organised in four parts — *What Does It Mean To Be Human? What Is The Gospel? How Do We Live Human Lives? How Can We Understand The Bible?* — all salvaged from previous publications by Carey, and now decked out with a new introduction and epilogue. "With all the rush of preparation," says Carey, "I would not have had time to write a new book" — nor the wit.

Doctrinally there's nothing new here. "Although these chapters describe the core of my thinking," he says, "they do not represent its leading edge." Sure, he's keen on "gifts of the Spirit" such as speaking in tongues, and on evangelism or "sharing good news", but he still keeps to the great CofE rule that one can be too extreme on either side, and that it's always safer to drive down the middle of the road.

What *is* new is the amazing bathos generated by his attempts to be homely. So what are these here Christian sacraments, George? "When a football team score the winning goal in a cup final, the fervent supporters *cheer their* heads off, throw their caps in the air, jump up and down and yell, 'We've won the cup!'... The ritual, or action, gives expression to what is said. This is what Christians mean when they talk about sacraments."

Oh right. But wot about this mind and body business? "The biggest mistake is to think of ourselves as owning a soul as we would a suitcase or an umbrella. This was the way the ancient Greeks thought." Coo! Was it? Learn something new every day. And this *conversion*, wot's that boss? "In Britain, during the change from coal gas to natural gas, people spoke about being 'converted' to natural gas. When used of the Christian life it is associated with moving from one way of living to another..." Sort of a valve change, is it? And faith, wot's faith? "You buy a present for your husband's birthday, a watch perhaps, believing the maker's guarantee that it is reliable. That is faith." Nah, that's just a guarantee that is, George, take it from me.

Every one of Carey's terms of value is used thoughtlessly. He's a classic sucker for "relevant" and "authentic", sometimes in the same sentence. "What is important is that our worship should be relevant to the congregation and its culture — otherwise it will not be authentic."

"You have to understand," Carey says, "that I have always been a deeply-thinking person." Few will be up to such a leap of faith.

The Bishop of Durham is a lot brighter, well up to civil servant level, and therefore one of the greatest brains the Church of England has had this century. However, he still couldn't write his own book. Although in the first person throughout, *Free To Believe* was composed by another, his daughter Rebecca, "ordering and weaving together either what the Bishop of Durham has specifically written, or the content of his thought and argument, distilled and put into other words."

This is a scandal: it reduces a serious book to the level of a ghosted celeb-biog. It means one has no idea how much weight to put on its words. Nor apparently does Jenkins. In the proof-copy was the sentence, "David Jenkins is personally prepared to stand by, and be identified with, every sentence written." In the finished copy it had been cut. Understandably — this book too is horribly written, full of "interfaces", "wavelengths", and phrases like "the current availability of God".

Jenkins (or whoever) is attempting here to decide what kind of God could conceivably be worth worshipping. It's an honest endeavour and a necessary one for any Christian — but it doesn't come well from a 65-year-old bishop appointed to lead a flock.

Anyway, most of Jenkins's findings are negative. He keeps saying: if God's like that, sod Him. "If God cannot cope with secularisation and contemporaneity then he is no god and we should have none of him." "If God knows everything in a computer-like way — including all the things that are going to happen — it is very difficult to believe in God at all." "If... God in the End is to reveal His true nature by delivering sinners to the Beast, while sitting back in Heaven with the righteous few to watch the fun, then surely it is the duty of all decent men and women to be atheists. Such a god must be an idol, a tribal deity, a human fantasy and projection." And so on. It is these vehement rejections of a God he personally finds unacceptable that have made him a media-figure.

Where Jenkins is more positive is politics. Paragraph after paragraph resemble *New Statesman* editorials. The accounting system of the health service is wrong. The poll tax is hard for the poor to pay. The Metro Shopping and Leisure Centre near Gateshead may have too high a percentage of service industries and shops to continue to flourish in the long term. "Anyone trying to get round London in a taxi these days has plenty of time to reflect on the destructive effects of affluence as we now understand it..."

Yet he knows (or they know) perfectly well that "history demonstrates that it is not possible to arrange human society so as to neutralise the effects of sin" — or even to avoid traffic jams.

In so openly trying to find a religion and a God that are acceptable to him, Jenkins proves, more devastatingly than any external critic could, that Anglicanism has nothing left to offer (except jobs). It has no identity; it stands for nothing. If, finally, Jenkins does find such a religion, he'll have to found it too.

Books & Bookmen

MACHO Richard Charkin, chief executive of Octopus, has responded to Bookworm's challenge in the last *Eye*: "Come on, Octopus; you haven't sacked anyone in months."

Charkin has pulled one of the group's time-honoured ruses on one of its satellites, Mitchell Beazley, once the most successful of all packagers. This outfit has worked out of Artists House, Manette Street, since James Mitchell and John Beazley set up their company in 1969. With both the founders of Mitchell Beastly (as the firm is known affectionately to employees) deceased, James Mitchell's widow Janice sold out to Paul Hamlyn on the understanding that MB would remain autonymous and in the offices rented from Christine Foyle in Manette Street.

Last week Charkin told Mitchell Beastly that as there was masses of room in Michelin House he wasn't going to pay Christina Foyle her rent any more and MB would in future have to work out of the Retread building. Consequently managing director Duncan Baird, publishing director Jack Tressider and the director of the successful wine books, Chris Foulkes, have resigned and Janice Mitchell will almost definitely do likewise. More of what Octopus calls "natural wastage".

'Bookworm'

Nuclear power

Buried alive

IN THE WEEK that marks the fifth anniversary of the Chernobyl disaster, Nuclear Electric is wrestling with a knotty problem: how to announce news of its plans for Operation Sarcophagus.

The scheme — to leave redundant nuclear power stations to rot where they are and simply cover them in concrete — is highly controversial. Not only does it contradict just about every pledge made by the nuclear industry over the last decade concerning the decommissioning of the stations but — even more worryingly — experience at Chernobyl shows that "entombment", as it is known, does not work. The concrete there has already started to crack.

So what is the purpose of a scheme that will leave Britain scarred with poisonous, radioactive hulks for decades to come? Why, it will save Nuclear Electric £1,000 million of course!

Entombment was never a good idea, according to the former owners of nuclear power stations, the Central Electricity Generating Board. The CEGB promised to dismantle and remove all its power stations. In the words of the Layfield report on Sizewell B, for example, "the reactor pressure vessel would be cut up by remote control, possibly under water..." and the CEGB said the alternative of encasing the reactor building in concrete and leaving it on site permanently was technically doubtful and environmentally undesirable." On that basis, Sir Frank Layfield QC recommended that it should be granted a licence.

The same promise was made before the Hinkley Point inquiry. The inspector, Michael Barnes QC, recorded that there would be "complete dismantling and removal of all remaining plant and the final clearance of the site". He noted that the CEGB had "demonstrated a firm commitment ultimately to release the site at Hinkley Point for unrestricted use". He concluded: "The CEGB have demonstrated and the Nuclear Installations Inspectorate agree that the complete decommissioning of a PWR at Hinkley Point is feasible." And on that basis he too recommended consent.

The CEGB also gave that assurance to the select committee on energy. Dr Bryan Edmondson, director of the CEGB's nuclear co-ordination group, said the board's policy on decommissioning was "the complete dismantling of the biological shield and the equipment inside". The board was at the time engaged in an ugly battle to discredit Pearce Wright, then the science editor of *The Times*, who had suspected the CEGB really wanted to entomb its red-hot radioactive mausoleums and leave them to rot.

He was grilled by Tory members who told him the CEGB had assured the select committee that its plans were for "dismantling back to a greenfield site" (Peter Rost) and "You believed the CEGB figures were for entombment and I am telling you that the CEGB say that their figures are for total removal" (Dr Michael Clark).

Wright and the CEGB also disagreed over the cost of the operation. It was Dr Clark, who has since become chairman of the select committee, who wound up the session by telling the unfortunate Wright: "It does not matter whether the estimates are right or wrong. The fact is that you have already told me and other members of this committee that you believed the CEGB figures were for entombment and I am telling you that the CEGB say that their figures are for total removal. Would you not therefore accept that you wrote your story on false premise?" The unfortunate Wright replied: "On a misunderstanding, yes."

Pearce Wright became known as Pearce Wrong. But what he alleged in 1986 is now being confirmed..

The policy of entombment was pioneered by those respected power station operators, the State Committee on the Use of Nuclear Energy (Moscow branch) and was forced on them by Chernobyl: nothing else could be done with it.

The ruins became known as the Sarcophagus and the idea has appealed to John Collier, chairman of Nuclear Electric, which having assumed the assets and liabilities of the CEGB is now preparing to persuade the public that it would be a good idea to bury the expired power stations in concrete. The first mound over a nuclear power station would be at Berkeley, Gloucestershire.

Nuclear Electric stresses that it will remove the highly radioactive fuel in the first five years after shutdown, but instead of dismantling the reactor will seal it in concrete and leave it for another 100 years before it becomes a grass-covered mound on which children can play.

First Nuclear Electric should set the record straight: by asking Sir Frank Layfield whether he wants to reconsider his verdict on Sizewell, given that it will now be disposed of by a method he said was "technically doubtful and environmentally undesirable"; and it could seek another audience with the select committee to clear up that "misunderstanding".

Waste disposal

Team spirit

MR PETER PRIOR, who runs Summerleaze Ltd, a gravel extraction and waste disposal outfit in the Thames Valley, shares a lot of interests with his friends.

Not only do some of his closest chums work in local government in Berkshire and Buckinghamshire — and in waste disposal, too — but he also shares with them a love of rugby from their playing days together at Maidenhead Rugby Club. So when they're not talking rubbish — they can talk balls!

Prior has a lot to talk about at the moment: he is currently trying to persuade a public inquiry in Buckinghamshire that Summerleaze should be allowed to expand its landfill rubbish dump at East Burnham from 10 hectares to 52 hectares, taking it within 200 metres of the famous Burnham Beeches woodland, a site of special scientific interest.

One can only wonder what his friends think: chums like John Nayler, for example, the waste disposal officer for the neighbouring Berkshire County Council. He has enjoyed a long and close friendship with Prior that dates back to their rugby playing days. That friendship has in no way influenced the assiduous way Nayler has investigated numerous complaints made against Summerleaze.

A couple of weeks ago, for example, he received a detailed and informed complaint from a local environmental action group. Lorries, it was claimed, had been illegally tipping contaminated material into a Summerleaze-run site at Hurst. The waste, from a nearby gas works, was being bulldozed into water — the last place, according to the fainthearts, that such substances should be tipped.

After a visual site inspection and a phone call to Prior, Nayler assured the environmentalists that nothing contaminated had been dumped. He would not be taking any further action. After all, Summerleaze had just told him that no such incident had taken place.

Unfortunately this did not satisfy one eyewitness, a hard-nosed Australian millionaire and rival of Prior's called Mick Coff, who contacted the council and gave Mr Nayler an ear-bashing. Mr Nayler then promised to look into the matter further and agreed to take water samples and excavate the area. He borrowed a Summerleaze digger and operator to do this and the test results are due any day.

Another former rugby team member and Prior chum is the agile Clive Williams, until last year chief solicitor for Berkshire County Council. It was Williams's legal department that drew up a Section 52 agreement between the council and Summerleaze for the Hurst site. The agreement stated that mineral extraction could only begin in a new area, Whistley Court, when the existing area, Sandford Farm, had been fully excavated.

Extraction began on Whistley Court in May 1988. In accordance with the Section 52 agreement, therefore, the council's planning department must have agreed that the Sandford Farm site had been completely emptied of its minerals. However, at the end of 1990, extraction (50,000 tonnes) mysteriously began again at Sandford Farm. This illegal action was a clear infringement of the Section 52 agreement and, as it happens, very lucrative for Summerleaze. But neither the council's legal nor planning departments have taken any action.

Prior's choice of counsel to represent his interests at various public inquiries is unusual. The day before the current inquiry opened at Burnham, Prior was attending another inquiry at Hurst. (He's used to fighting his corner.) His counsel there was one Andrew Kelly QC, who was defending Summerleaze against the "campaign of innuendo" launched by Berkshire County Council.

Kelly's case centred on the *reliability* of Summerleaze as operators. On the very next day, the busy QC was representing Buckinghamshire County Council *against* Summerleaze at the Burnham inquiry. His case? The *unreliability* of Summerleaze. When asked about his demanding schedule (Mondays for Summerleaze; Tuesdays to Fridays against), Mr Kelly admitted it was a bit unusual, but he had contacted both clients, neither of whom objected.

Meanwhile two other friends of Prior's, Buckinghamshire County Council planning officers Peter Storey and Edwin Schoon, are no doubt a little embarrassed by the Burnham inquiry. It was they who originally invited Summerleaze's application to expand the site, the cause of much local uproar.

Indeed Storey and Schoon went out of their way to recommend the ludicrous application to councillors, despite the drawbacks being obvious to everyone else. Luckily the councillors unanimously threw out the plan by 21 votes to none, much to the planning department's embarrassment.

Another ally of Prior's in Buckinghamshire would appear to be Peter Proctor, the county's waste disposal officer. On the first day of the Burnham inquiry, Prior's co-director, Bill Kirkpatrick, made a staggering admission under fierce cross-examination. He confessed that in 1988 Summerleaze had deposited "toxic" and "contaminated" waste at the Burnham site, which only has a licence for inert, industrial and commercial substances.

The waste had come from a site on the Slough Trading Estate and asked whether the waste disposal officer had approved of the dumping, Kirkpatrick lost his cool and blurted: "You had better ask him that." When contacted by *Private Eye*, the council admitted that it had given permission for "contaminated soil" to be dumped at Burnham. After samples had been taken, it was decided that the waste was "not contaminated enough to cause concern".

Many believe Burnham to be totally unfit for any toxic substances and there is considerable disquiet that the aquifers below the site, which also run under Slough, are being polluted. The powerful Slough Estates Ltd have finally woken up to the frightening implications of Summerleaze's management of the Burnham site (all the food manufacturing firms on their vast estate, which includes Mars and Glaxo, draw their water locally) and have a heavy legal presence at the inquiry.

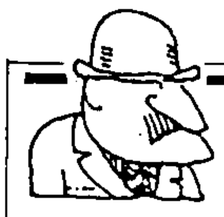
Renewables

Waving hello

THE GOVERNMENT is preparing to back wave energy again — nine years after it abandoned it on the phoney grounds that it was too expensive.

Not only has it sacked the four nuclear members of ACORD, the powerful Advisory Council On Research and Development which recommended ending wave support in 1982; but it has also transferred the wave energy programme manager at Harwell, Dr Roger Price, who ran the research and had become unpopular with wave energy teams who considered he was hostile to their proposals. His replacement has already asked what the teams would like to do if funding starts again.

The EEC has also returned to the scene, organising the first big international conference on wave energy this week and allocating £1 million to a new research programme. Wave energy was always the alternative feared most by the nuclear lobby because it is an almost limitless resource, well able to replace nuclear, and does not encourage the same environmental objections as wind farms — or indeed nuclear power stations.



In the City

SECRECY is rarely if ever a benefit to shareholders in a public company. Nor are those directors who cloak their company's activities behind offshore veils and complex corporate shuffles that deliberately defy comprehension. History has shown that all too often the motive is to disguise and mislead.

After several years of questions without answers it is the turn of the oh-so clever Michael Ashcroft and ADT to face the sunshine test. The questions have been posed by biggest shareholders Laidlaw. The answers are likely to come as a result of the still live inquiries unleashed by the Canadians allegations about ADT's past profits and Ashcroft's management style.

Whether Ashcroft can survive the sunshine test remains to be seen. But as a man with no shares and few friends the odds would seem to be against. Someone may indeed be about to rebut his 1984 boast that "no one can put a handle on me".

Certainly the alacrity with which Ashcroft sued for peace and the concessions he made to stop the New York civil fraud action — despite bungling by Laidlaw's lawyers — do not suggest a man who wants to let the chips fall where they may. For he has allowed his opponents — and they are his opponents — to achieve by stealth what they threatened by litigation.

What remains now is to see what bill for the Ashcroft years is presented to the newly-created ADT audit committee.

It may be of course that there be no charge, all declared beyond criticism. Ashcroft after all has vehemently denied the Laidlaw claims of "rigged transactions" and "self dealing". Then again it may not.

Certainly with a $400 million loss on its investment and its own biggest shareholders, Canadian Pacific, on its case, Laidlaw cannot afford to allow the full facts not to come out — even though it may prove embarrassing.

But embarrassment is all around. Consider Ashcroft's circle of political friends — Sir Denis Thatcher, Kenneth Baker, Cecil Parkinson, Bowen Wells. ADT should make an interesting topic of conversation at New Scotland Yard on 1 May when Ashcroft hosts a dinner sponsored by his Crimestopper charity. It is to be hoped there will not be an epidemic of "prior engagements".

Meanwhile the power struggle within the ADT boardroom has raised again, but not yet answered, questions that were out there before war broke out.

Why did Laidlaw do such a one-sided deal by buying Ashcroft's own shares in ADT last year for $34 million? What did then chairman Michael de Groote, an Ashcroft fan, expect the Canadians to gain, if anything? Was there another part to the deal which has yet to emerge?

Why did Ashcroft effectively blow the whistle on his old Blue Arrow pal Tony Berry by asking the question at the annual meeting that revealed Berry's £25 million interest free loan to Peter de Savary and sparked the soon-to-be revealed, highly unflattering Department of Trade & Industry report?

What if any is the connection between that and the rumbles between Ashcroft and Blue Arrow over whether he held more than a disclosable 5 per cent shareholding and the Ashcroft invoice for £259,000 — less than half the amount originally asked — rendered more than a year after the Manpower takeover for his advice to Berry regarding "various transactions" but billed to the Manpower deal? There is absolutely no connection between that fee and the purchase of four million Blue Arrow shares made as part of the 1987 rights issue.

Despite the distaste with which most of the City viewed Ashcroft — a feeling he reciprocated — the ADT chairman was not without his fans among financial journalists and analysts, though these are mostly silent these days.

Tony Berry's long time acolyte Patrick Lay when at the *Sunday Express* was a relentless booster — "I have been tipping the shares for the past three years" (August 1987). ... "the brilliant head of Bermuda-based ADT" (April 1989). So too was John Davis of the *Observer* — "Michael Ashcroft has done some wonderful deals in his business career" (April 1987) — who picked ADT as one of his shares of the year for 1990 at 199p. They are now 89p.

The *Sunday Telegraph* — now in the enemy camp — had picked ADT for 1987. Another fan of Ashcroft was Jeff Randall at the *Sunday Times* — "The boy Ashcroft done good" (August 1989 — price 206p). He still seems to share that view as the *Sunday Times* has once again thrown its weight behind a Tim Bell/"No Smell" client.

First prize among analysts goes to none other than Peter Jones of Shearson Lehman — the man who trumpeted loudest the wonders of Polly Peck. He touted the shares three times during 1989 at prices from 124p to 209p and was still puffing last year at 187p. Barclays De Zoete Wedd, Kleinwort Grieveson and Nomura were members of the chorus. They can all now ponder the true meaning of Randall's unconsciously prescient assessment of Ashcroft two years ago — "Only he knows where the knockout blow will land".

THE GAMING Board is understood to be very interested in certain alleged extra-curricular activities at the Stakis-owned Regency casino in London.

It is checking to see that regulations, such as no gaming by non-members, have been complied with at all times, even when senior management are involved. No doubt Stakis will be able to show that this key requirement is scrupulously adhered to in its casinos.

And there will certainly be absolutely no reason for the Gaming Board to turn its attentions to any other casinos in the group, such as those in Scotland.

Stakis has been having management problems with the Regency and the recently acquired Barracuda, resulting in the loss of key executives.

THE confusion over who owns the Impexbank in Turkey now that Asil Nadir has sold it rumbles on even after the annual meeting on 28 March. Indeed so confused is the situation, it is reported that the Turkish Treasury has intervened to supervise the bank's affairs. The Treasury auditors are said to have found serious weaknesses in the bank's books. What a surprise.

The Karamehmet brothers to whom Nadir sold Impexbank have resigned after losing a power struggle with the Eliyesil family, linked with Nadir's banker ally Bulent Semiler, an American trained Turkish Cypriot. Outmanoeuvred was the banker Kemal Derinkok who thought he had bought control from the Eliyesil faction. Battle is likely to resume at another general meeting on 10 May.

Meanwhile Nadir's creditors are left to ponder whether they dropped their bankruptcy action too hastily. Part of the promised pay back of the minimum £55 million debts was to come from the Impexbank sale for $27 million. This was to be paid by the Karamehmets via two bonds, one due on 29 March and the second in June. The March payment was reportedly not made. Whether it will now be met and what happens in June remains to be seen by Nadir's major broker creditors BZW, Shearson Lehman and Carr Kitcat & Aitken.

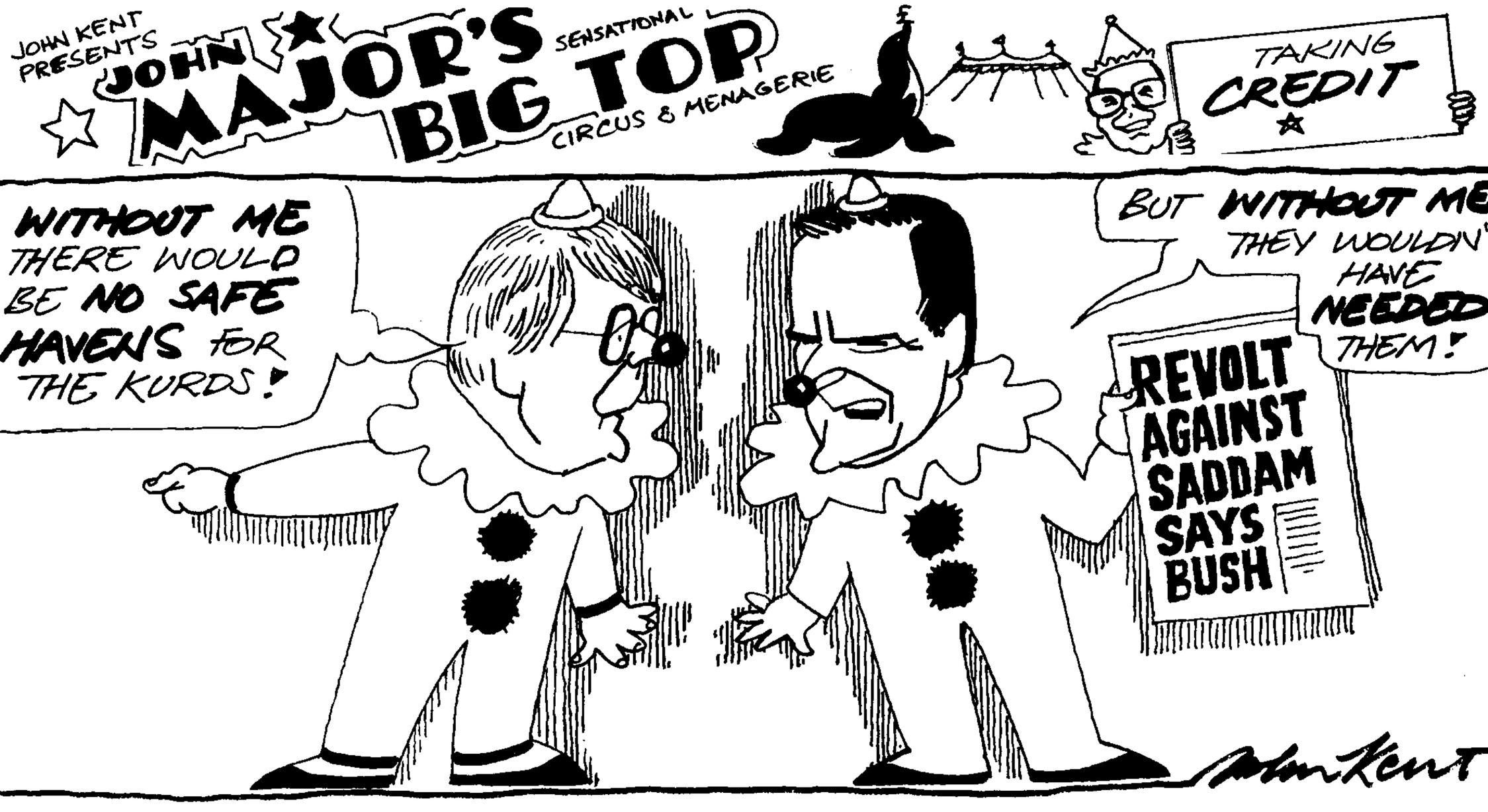
They must know ponder whether they were too hasty in dropping the bankruptcy action against Nadir.

MEANWHILE attempts to sell Nadir's Noble Air to Iranian or Saudi interests have flopped. Their bids were too low. Noble has had to return two of its leased planes after failing to make payments cutting its fleet to three. No other possible buyers have appeared.

SHOULD the second Guinness trial start as planned on 29 April one of the more intriguing possibilities is ex-merchant banker Roger Seelig cross-examining his long time friend and business associate Elliott Bernerd over the £1.9 million Rudani payment in return for the Guinness share purchases made by Jack Dellal's sister Violet Seulberger-Simon.

But that assumes there is a Guinness Two. What if the Court of Appeal overturns the convictions in Guinness One? Guiness Two has been delayed to accommodate the appeal by Ernest Saunders, Gerald Ronson and Anthony Parnes. That could also be a result for the remaining Guinness defendants — Seelig, Lord Patrick Spens and David Mayhew.

'Slicker'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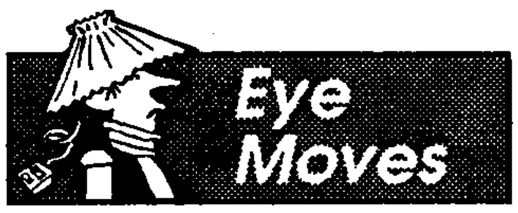

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SLIM, PROFESSIONAL, in twenties, too workaholic for conventional girlfriend seeks compatible lady. Meals, trips, bonking envisaged. Hants/Surrey/A3. Box 1166.

TRAVEL PROFESSIONAL, 29, multi-lingual, seeks love and fun with slim, attractive female (22-34), any nationality, with a winning smile. London area. Photo appreciated. Box 1266.

WANTED! Humorous girl, 24-34, N Herts-ish, n/s, no kids or ties, by quiet, jeans and t-shirt grad (32), into red wine, travel, motorsport, R&B et al. Box 1366.

DOES MY FEMALE counterpart exist? Businessman, 49, athletic build, considered very attractive, in stable relationship would like one (definite one only) regular sensual erotic fun not over emotional relationship. Age immaterial. London. Box 1466.

ATTRACTIVE LADY, 28 years, blonde, slim, intelligent, successful, property developer, looking for sharp, successful, wealthy partner to do deals with and make lots of money. Box 1566.

WEST SUSSEX, tall divorced male late 40s seeks discerning intelligent companion. Photo/letter please. Traveller/dancer/diner. Box 1666.

TALL, ATTRACTIVE, iconoclast (48), music loving, card playing, brilliant chef with great sense of humour seeks bright slim attractive lady to share these and other good things in life. Surrey/South East. Photo please. Box 1766.

REWARDING CHALLENGE: A slim, pretty, affectionate lady (25-40) is needed to lavish her seductive loving skills on this tall, generous middle-aged male: used, misused, disused, and foxtrotted about — result, total uncertainty. Advantageous opportunity for long term therapy. Letter, photo essential please. Box 1866.

DESIRABLE FEMALE, 39, W1, single, clever, attractive, feminine, romantic, desires a very special, very successful male for a passionate, fun relationship. Phone, discretion assured. Box 1966.

BORED? INATTENTIVE husband? Male, 28, cultured, passionate, adventurous, seeks fling, fun. Very discreet. Photos, details exchanged. Write! Why not? London, Home Counties. Box 2066.

WOMAN, 52, seeks highly educated man: with main concerns intellectual; main interests philosophical; main purpose understanding; and only criterion, truth. Box 2166.

LONELY 28 YEAR OLD woman seeking physical relationship with non-English gentleman (Dutch or German) aged 55-60. Approx 6ft tall, must be married, must send full size photograph. Box 2366.

EXPAT MALE (33) in Italy seeking good excuse to return home. If you are intelligent, attractive with a warm personality, it could be you. Box 2466.

PROFESSIONAL MALE, 29-35, single, preferably doctor, wanted for intelligent attractive dynamic London lady. Box 2566.

SINGLE, ATTRACTIVE oriental female, 35, feels it is time to settle down. Applicants must be tall, witty, virile, successful. Bald, skinny, timid, poor, inarticulate men need not apply. Box 2666.

MALE SEEKS Queen of Hearts and photo. Box 2766.

MAN WANTED TO FATHER CHILD. No financial ties. Involvement/friendship wonderful but optional. Oxford area. Photos exchanged. Compassionate replies please. Box 2866.

PRETTY ORIENTAL GIRL wanted now! Box 2966.

NEW! EXCITING! Dan Quayle lookalike requires a petite, sophisticated attractive woman in her late twenties. Box 3066.

DIVORCED, SINGAPOREAN lady (S/A) beauty seeks solvent male for friendship, relationship. Caring, fun-loving humorous, adventurous species only please. Photos with letter appreciated. Box 3166.

GOOD-LOOKING, FIT young airline pilot seeks sexy, wicked lady for country cottage and London flat liaisons. Box 4366.

I WANT TO BE chased, not chaste! Tall, slim, attractive, gentlemanly lover (own teeth) required for happy, monogamous relationship some weeknights, mostly weekends. You have your house, I have mine, to avoid the indifference of cohabitation. I'm thirty-something, tall, attractive, successful, workaholic, independent, sensitive and affectionate and haven't been hugged for ages! Photo essential. Herts. Box 2365.

MALE (33), SUCCESSFUL, professional, enjoys tennis, ski-ing, scuba, theatre, holidays and work when time permits. Looking for very attractive, witty and kind female (20-28) for possible future marriage, children, etc. Photograph appreciated. All letters answered seriously. Box 6865.

LOVE CYCLE. Slim, fit, intelligent, entertaining man seeks slim, all-weather woman, 30-40, for bike trips. Sussex/Hampshire, Normandy, Northumberland/Southern Scotland suggested. Cottage, conversation, relaxed smile, all guaranteed. Box 3266.

MAN WANTED Strong, gentle, intelligent, understanding, communicative, humorous, 35-49. Attractive, slim woman in health profession would love to hear from you. Box 3366.

TWO DESIRABLE BLONDES (Jersey based) require two unattached genuine gentlemen, 35-45ish, for wining, dining, etc. Box 3466.

ADVENTUROUS LADY, 35, seeks fellow travellers. Beds area. Box 3566.

BLACK BEAUTY, 30, slim, shapely, seeks unattached white professional male for commitment (London). Photo, phone number, pre-requisite. Box 3666.

WOMAN, 39, with ballgown, seeks man with ball. London. Box 3766.

LONDON WOMAN, 57, attractive intelligent weirdo loves theatre, travel, dancing and staying-in. Seeks big strong man 50-58 hopefully for keeps. Box 4066.

COME LIVE WITH ME and be my love in Cyprus. Sophisticated English professional gent, 60s, retiring to small village near sea and sand, seeks slim free spirit, 40+, photo essential. Box 4166.

RICH, SUCCESSFUL businessman, 40's, who believes he's as young as the woman he feels, seeks thin/slim 20-30 year old for friendship. Presently lonely due to divorce. My home is close to central London and you could share it. All letters answered. Photo appreciated. Box 4266.

MALE, 32, professional London Jewish seeks intelligent, beautiful, tall female for friendship maybe more. Photo please. Box 4566.

BIG, BEAUTIFUL, BORED. Female novice opera buff, 40, professional but still quite capable of being jolly silly, would like to meet a male FT reader (so I can do the crossword!) Box 4666.

EASY-GOING, SLIM graduate male, 34, single, into travel, outdoor life, seeks lively down-to-earth female more at home in jeans or shorts than designer frocks to share long summer days with. Kent, South-East. Box 4766.

DAMSEL, 37, seeks brave knight to help fight dragons and make dreams come true. Box 4866.

WILD PARTY ANIMAL seeks shiny lady for an event to remember. Go on, live dangerously. Box 4966.

WOMAN, 30, warm, intelligent, beautiful, seeks affectionate, considerate, gorgeous man under 35. Photo please. Box 5066.

OUTDOOR TYPE, male, 32, handsome, Cumbria based seeks woman with sense of humour for friendship and who knows what? Box 5166.

NEWCASTLE MAN seeks smart, humorous lady 30/40ish for fresh start to life. Box 5266.

I AM A HAPPY secure woman in her 30s, very attractive and fun-loving with high standards. You are 35-48, stylish, witty, sense of humour and dynamic. Photo please. Box 5366.

BUSY MEDIA MAN seeks fun girl to maintain his long standing vitality, London, South. Photo and phone guarantees reply. Box 5466.

SENSITIVE, LOYAL MAN, 42, seeks stability, harmony as house husband to interesting, loving lady. Box 5566.

ATTRACTIVE, MATURE, busy lady, London, seeks similar male (50+) unattached, well-educated, tallish, solvent, with sense of humour to share limited leisure. Photo essential with letter. Box 5666.

HIGHLY PRESENTABLE, artistic professional female, 29, seeks friendly male companionship for all the usual things — cinema, restaurants, weekends (London). Box 5766.

GENEROUS, ATTRACTIVE male with own company seeks buxom or tall girl for discreet affair. Send phone no. Box 5866.

ENGLISH ALPS LOVER living in rural Exmoor wants to hear from an independent, like-minded warm-hearted girl who seeks a true loyal boyfriend, lover and soul mate. I'm 47, have been married, live alone and have a successful career. My interests include dogs, horses, ski-ing, hill walking, quiet moments reading, ethnic restaurants, current affairs, Bach to boogie, good conversation, this and that. If you're fit, possess a positive nature, enjoy your chosen career and have a lively, intelligent mind and body with an enthusiasm for life, please get in touch because you're very, very special. Box 5966.

TALL, PRESENTABLE, 45 year old professional male with well-trimmed beard, unfortunately married, seeks intuitive female for discreet liaison. Sense of humour and weakness for posh hotels essential. Box 6066.

LEICESTERSHIRE, Thirtysomething man available now! Slim, attractive, altruistic, independent, non-smoker, house, car, likes: theatre, cinema, concerts, etc, some sports, interested? Box 6166.

PRETTY, WITTY journalist, 43, seeks warm and funny man with sharp mind and silly sense of humour for trivial pursuits. South East. Photo would be nice. Box 6266.

PERFECTION NOT EXPECTED but halfway decent, unattached, N/S man might help distract intelligent, personable female (forties) from boring career. East Midlands. Box 6566.

BACHELOR, 35, 6' tall, reputedly handsome, many interests, well-educated, leftish viewpoint, seeks young (18-30), very attractive, intelligent female for friendship, romance. Brief letter helps, genuine. Surrey/London based. Box 6366.

DARK-HAIRED BEAUTY, 31, seeks smart professional graduate. Bucks, Beds, Herts, London. Box 6466.

YOUTHFUL 50-SOMETHING woman, dark-haired, slim, considered attractive, new to London; ready to establish warm relationship with one of the attractive intelligent professional men in which she was been told London abounds. Box 6666.

RECENTLY ISOLATED male (38) professional, easy on eye, trim, smokes, fit but untested, looking for exercise temporarily or longer. In short, you are gorgeous, bright, adventurous, slim, kind and energetic, single or attached. All sensible replies answered. Photograph and telephone number please. Discretion guaranteed. Box 6766.

FORMER FEMME FATALE, still pretty, elegant, shapely, blonde, now ready to settle down with intelligent smokeless unattached man 50+. SE. Box 6866.

EASY-GOING MALE, separated, 46, 5'9½", don't drink, don't smoke, working on oil rig in the North Sea. One car, seeks attractive female, 26 to 39, single or separated. Photo please. Box 6966.

OUR MUM IS 56, young, attractive, green-eyed, slim, silver-haired; hard-working, intelligent and funny. We want to find her a boyfriend, similar age, humorous, intelligent, kind, solvent. Please write. Box 7066.

NICE BLONDE female doctor seeks dazzling, multi-talented playboy 30-40 or, failing that, a sociable, witty slob. Reply please with portrait. Box 7166.

TRISTAN (35) seeks Isolde for opera nights. Box 7266.

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ATTRACTIVE, INDULGENT, Surrey, Gentleman, 48, 6ft, semi-retired, seeks attractive, young girlfriend (20-35), to spoil outrageously. Dinners? Weekends? Holidays? Your dreams come true? Suggestions welcome. Photo, phone please. Box 7466.

ENGLISHMAN (25), living in Holland, wishes to meet a slim, English-speaking lady, any age, either here or there! Box 7566.

QUIET, CHASTE, humorous single male graduate, youthful 33, own house, cheerful but rather lonely, seeks chaste girl, late 20s-ish (schoolteacher type?) for marriage and kids. Herts. Box 7666.

BETTY CHERCHE ZORG. Box 11666.

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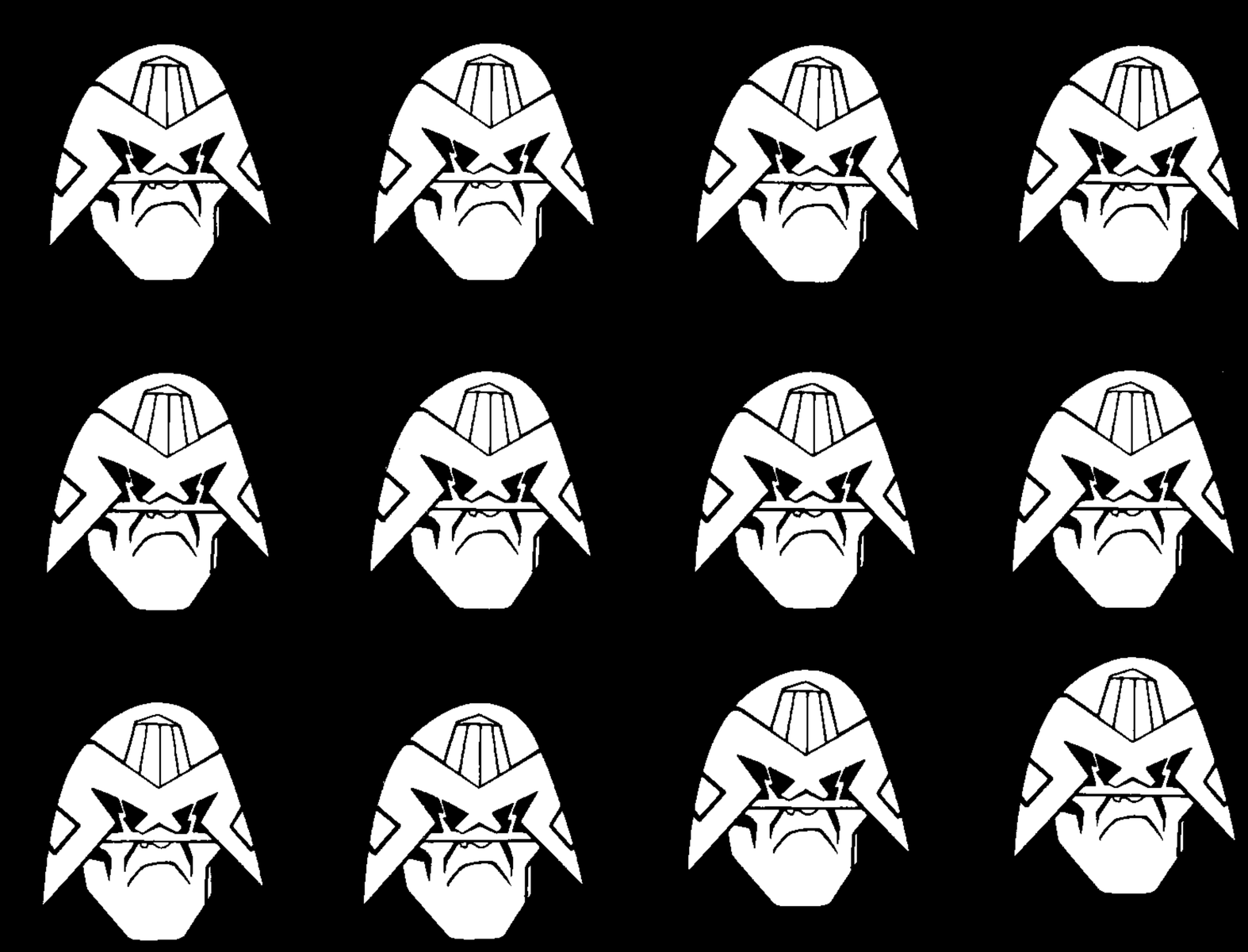

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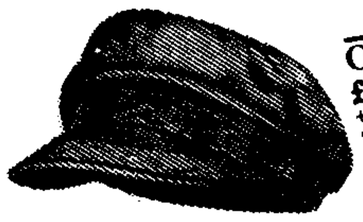

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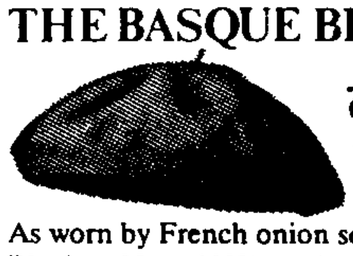

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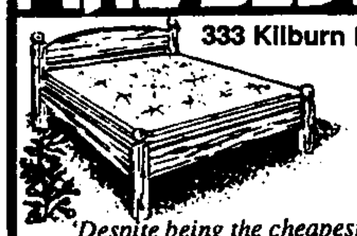

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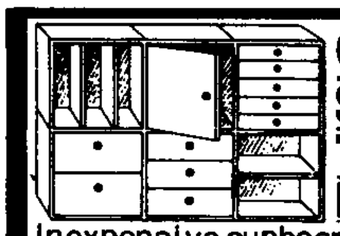

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